THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

There's a time for the pulse to quicken,
A time for the heart to throb,
For Sorrow will never turn traitor,
The seat of its joy to rob;
There's a time for laughter and dancing
In the wide world, east and west;
But when our gay laughter is over,
There cometh a time for rest!

II.

There's a time for the sun to brighten,
A time for the shadow to fall;
A time for the raven's croaking,
A time for the nine-bird's call!
A time when the roses blossom
Through the wide world, east and west;
But when blossoming-time is over,
There cometh a time for rest!

III.

There's a time when the young heart knoweth
The joy that the angels know;
There's a time when the gray of the twilight
Fades in the morn's red glow!
There's a time when the daylight shineth
Through the world, from east to west;
But when Daylight, the Golden, has vanished,
There cometh a time for rest!

IV.

There's a time for the bud to blossom,
A time for the leaf to fall;
A time for the birth of a mortal,
And Death must come to all!
There's a time when the daisies blossom
O'er green graves, east and west;
And the wind that o'er-bloweth the blossom
Foretelleth the day of rest!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ARALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYAR," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

EVELYN HALE.

Auria Melford was an orphan and an heiress. By the terms of her father's will, his friend Syndam Hale became the guardian of her estate so long as she remained unmarried. Her home had been in Boston, but the death of her aunt left her alone, and rendered her removal to New York necessary—her guardian advising her to leave the former city, and take up her residence under his own roof.

Clermont, he wrote, was a goodly habitation, but gloomy for lack of youthful presence; he needed her society; she would find female companionship in the person of his housekeeper—an individual of no mean culture for one of her position; and taking it all in all, he thought his ward would be pleased with the change.

And so Auria, young, inexperienced, and trusting, having no relatives with whom she could take up her abode, went. It seemed proper that she should, and having no other choice she did not long hesitate. She had seen little of her guardian—knew little of him, except that he had been her father's friend—which of itself was a high recommendation—that he was a merchant of good standing, and that he held place in the highest social circles of the city.

But Syndam Hale, though prosperous and successful as the world judges men, was neither exemplary in his conduct nor happy in his condition. His heart was hard, his disposition grasping and avaricious, and his whole life false.

In the library of his mansion he sat alone one evening, some weeks after the arrival of his beautiful ward under his roof. He was tall in person, though of emaciated and stooping frame. His sharp, black eyes were closely set beneath a low and narrow forehead; but, half-hidden as they were under heavy lashes, their restless, greedy gleam was not to be concealed. His thin features were of an aristocratic cast, if by that description can be conveyed the idea of hauteur rather than of true, manly pride. In dress no evidence of his gnawing avarice was to be observed, for his attire was always rich and fashionable. He was a miser in broadcloth and velvet. A dark vest of the latter material he usually wore, and his debtors came to know that its softness covered a heart that was adamant itself when an appeal for mercy or forbearance was to be heard.

How such a man came to be entrusted with the care of the property and person of Herman Melford's daughter we cannot wholly explain. Perhaps it was gratitude for a great service rendered him—selfishly it is true—that caused Auria's father to select Syndam Hale as manager of her immense estate. Hale was artful and designing, Melford generous and unsuspicious, letting the memory of one good deed blind him to the unworthiness of him who merely to advance his own interests had performed it. He had heard whispers against the integrity of his scheming benefactor, but he refused to credit them, declaring that they were false or prompted by business jealousy. One merchant dwelling in Boston and the other in New York, their intercourse had never been of that frequent and intimate character which would necessarily reveal their real natures fully to each other. And so it may have been that, judging the whole man by one apparently generous and self-sacrificing act, Herman Melford had decided that his friend was worthy of the trust. Besides, the man he chose for his daughter's guardian was on the downward path of years, unmarried, and without temptation to act other than with honesty and fatherly kindness toward his ward. To the dying parent he seemed a most fitting person to be entrusted with the responsibility of attending to Auria's material interests.

But he did not know Syndam Hale; neither did the world, though by many a more accurate estimate had been made of his character. Some said that Hale had intrigued for the office of executor of Melford's estate; and though the accusation was not to be proved, it was a just one.

He *had* intrigued, and most successfully. He had intimated to his over-trusting friend that Auria would be chosen to inherit his own wealth—"to whom else could he leave it?" Melford, rejoicing that his child would thus be doubly provided for—what parent is not ambitious for his offspring?—died, asking her to look upon Syndam Hale as one who would be to her a second father.

For a few months succeeding her father's death the sorrowing girl resided in her old home, with an aunt. A fresh grief having been caused her, as we have stated, by the loss of this relative, she accepted the invitation of her guardian to come as a daughter to his home.

We have said that he was accounted miserly. So he truly was, but not in small things. His policy was shaped quite differently from that of the petty skinflint, though the spirit that ruled him was the same. The more he obtained the more he wanted, and he piled up his riches, with little enjoyment of them but the barren and selfish one of possession. With this insight into his character and this explanation of the circumstances that led to Auria Melford becoming an inmate of his home, we return to the merchant in his library.

A look of deep thought, of perplexity and displeasure was on his brow. He rang the bell, and a servant appearing, he desired that Auria come to him there.

In answer to his request, she soon entered the apartment, a look of inquiry showing in her countenance.

"Good evening," my child," he said, rising to receive her. "Be seated, please."

He motioned her to a sofa, and when she had placed herself on it, he continued:

"I have sent for you, Auria to have a confidential talk with you. Since your arrival I have been much engaged, and have not seen you *so frequently* as I have desired. I trust you do not imagine that I am lacking in courtesy and fatherly feeling toward you."

"Oh, no, Uncle Syndam," she interposed. (That was the title by which she addressed him.) "I know your business cares are many, and I have not felt myself in the least neglected."

"That is right, my child. This is your home. You are practically its mistress, and I am glad you already find ways to interest yourself in it. Do as you please, Auria. Mrs. Mount will not object, I am sure, for she is fully informed as to your position here, and is very deferential to my wishes."

"In some respects," he might have added.

"Thank you, uncle, you are very kind, as is Mrs. Mount also. I find her a pleasant companion, and I will endeavor to make myself in every way agreeable to her."

"You will succeed, I doubt not. And now to the particular objects of this interview. In the first place, Auria, I must tell you that Gilbert Dunnton is in the city."

The face of the beautiful girl instantly filled with a look of unpleased surprise.

"Gilbert Dunnton!" she exclaimed in a tone expressive of no pleasure at the announcement.

"Yes," pursued the guardian. "He is in the city—he has been here. The object of his coming was to request formal permission of me to visit you as a suitor under this roof. You are not pleased, my child, with this information?"

The expression of Auria's countenance was sufficient answer to the question.

"I have only to say, uncle, that I hope Mr. Dunnton did not receive the permission he sought. I have already intimated to him that his company is not agreeable, and yet he persists in thrusting himself upon me. His conduct is hardly gentlemanly to say the least. I formed his acquaintance in Boston unavoidably."

"You may give me a history of that."

"A correct one, I trust. Why should he follow me hither and attempt to continue the acquaintance when he is well aware that I do not desire his society."

"You seem quite decided in your dislike to him, Auria. The explanation of his action may be that he—that he loves you."

The concluding words came hesitatingly from her guardian's lips as if he either hoped or feared that such was the case. His deep interest in the matter was unmistakable despite the attempted composure with which he made the suggestion.

"I do not think that he does uncle," Auria answered. "But if he is unfortunately so interested in me, I must continue to express my indifference, not to say dislike, to him."

"He is handsome, cultivated and well-bred," said the merchant.

"I admit that he has outward attractions."

"He holds an excellent position in society. Curiously enough, as you may think, I have considerable knowledge of the young man, though I did not know until very recently that he was a friend of yours."

"I do not regard him as such," said Auria.

"You are apparently inveterate in your dislike to him. Well, as an acquaintance then. He himself was the first to inform me of the fact. You have never spoken of him to me, Auria."

"No, uncle; I have hardly had opportunity, you know. Besides I wished to forget him as I hoped he would forget me. You did not grant him the permission he sought?"

"Of course not, my child, without seeing you in relation to the matter. I have no reason to suppose Gilbert Dunnton to be other than an honorable man—a little "fast," perhaps, as the phrase is—but knowing nothing of your previous intercourse I necessarily was not ready to accord to him the high favor he asked until I had consulted you. I therefore neither granted nor refused it."

"Then he will certainly renew his request, and when he does you will oblige me *very* much, dear uncle, by simply and decisively expressing to him my dissatisfaction to meet him again. Will you not?" she almost pleaded. "It will save me the pain of such action."

"But why should you be so hard on the young man. You are of an age to enter society. Then you can hardly avoid meeting him. He will surely seek your company, and it might be well enough to give him that pleasure now."

"But he comes with such presumption as a suitor," replied Auria, half frowning, half smiling.

"He has not asked for your hand as yet, I presume?"

"O, no, not so bad as that," answered she, this time with a full smile. "But then, Uncle Syndam, *that* is one of those uncertainties that are sure to come."

"You are humorous, Auria," returned Mr. Hale.

The look of perplexity was still on his face, as indeed it had been from the first. Something in connection with the subject of Gilbert Dunnton's request evidently troubled the merchant. After a pause of a few minutes he resumed:

"You had better permit the young man to enjoy your company occasionally, my child. You need not marry him if he does ask you to. Perhaps you are wrong in your conclusion as to his intentions."

"It would delight me to feel so, I am sure."

"In any case," continued her guardian, "his visits could not be more objectionable than those of Captain Walter Arneton."

He looked keenly at her. He had spoken boldly, and watched for the effect of his words. Auria Melford was startled almost to her feet by this abrupt and meaning reference to the young captain. A quick, hot flush suffused her face.

Had an electric shock been suddenly administered to her she could not have been more disturbed. Before she had overcome her emotion, her guardian again spoke:

"You may think that I am harsh, Auria, but I will speak plainly with you. This is another matter I wish to settle. I am displeased to learn that you have received as an equal in this house, without my knowledge or consent, a young sea captain of whom you know nothing."

"Hold, uncle!" cried the fair girl, her features glowing with indignant feeling. "You are unjust. Permit me to explain."

"I am listening," he said; but his tone was cold as if he had previously prepared himself to persist in his displeasure.

"In the first place, then, Captain Arneton when he first appeared under this roof asked for the master of the house, of whom he would undoubtedly have requested permission to see me, had such a request been at all necessary under the peculiar circumstances of the case. You know, Uncle Syndam, that I am indebted to him for my life."

"And I trust you are properly grateful."

Auria thought she detected a covert sneer in his tone, if not in the words.

"I trust so," she responded with gentle dignity. And then she went on with her explanation:

"You were absent that evening, uncle, and what could I do?—what could I desire to do but to receive and entertain the brave young sailor, who is also a gentleman, I can truly say?"

"But he repeated his visit."

"Yes, at my cordial invitation. Unfortunately you were again absent, and I did as before."

"Not forgetting to renew your invitation to him to call again?"

Auria blushed, but answered with a radiant look on her glowing features:

"I certainly did not forget that courtesy. You have not forgotten, uncle," she added slyly, "that I am privileged by you to invite my friends to come here as to my home."

"I do not forget that. But this young seaman—who is he? What is he?"

"Captain Grey, of the Berham—a true gentleman, you will admit—was kind enough to assure me of the young man's worth and respectability."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hale.

"Captain Arneton's appearance of itself sufficiently attests his respectability, I should say," remarked Auria.

"You are young and romantic, my child and half in love, I fear, already with this noble youth." He sneered unmistakably.

"Uncle!" spoke Auria Melford in a tone that caused him to pause. "Uncle," she repeated, "you are unjust. Has not Captain Arneton, aside from risking his life in the work of saving a ship-load of human beings from a dreadful death, performed for you an important material service? If the preservation of the life of your ward was little, perhaps you will acknowledge that the saving of the Berham and her cargo was something to be grateful for."

Syndam Hale winced at these cutting words. He was surprised at the spirit shown by his beautiful ward. He was made, moreover, to realize his baseness in attempting to cover her visitor with false reproach. Auria had spoken more bravely than respectfully perhaps, but indignation for the time obtained the mastery over her.

Her guardian, recovering himself, replied:

"Certainly I grant that the young seaman has acted nobly, that is as over-enthusiastic admirers would regard the matter. But I always look at these things coolly. It was probably his mere love of adventure that impelled him to assist you—he had not thought of the humanity of the thing and all that."

Auria Melford looked at the speaker in amazement. The character of her guardian was being rapidly revealed to her, and in no generous light. She listened almost in pity of the man who could take such low views of a noble act, as he went on:

"It is best to regard such an enterprise in its business aspect. Those fellows were after the spoils or the rewards—why Redmond, the wrecker, has no other occupation. I have inquired into the whole matter. It was well managed. I must say. I sent a request to Captain Arneton to call at my office—and when he came I placed in his hands, to distribute among his assistants, a sum which I regard as entirely cancelling my obligation to them. That is the way I always do. Of course I offered the young man a special present, which, however, he declined to accept."

"May I ask the amount?" inquired Auria.

"Certainly; one hundred dollars," answered the merchant, not in the least abashed at the mention of the sum.

His ward said nothing, but she mentally exclaimed:—

"One hundred dollars for the preservation of a richly freighted ship! What manner of man is Syndam Hale!"

She did not attempt to defend her preservers against the charge of being mercenaries. She felt that her guardian had judged them by himself, and her heart grew sad as this revelation of his littleness of soul forced itself upon her.

"And now, Auria," he said after a few moments' silence, "let me request that you drop the acquaintance of this young captain. He is no fit associate for you. Captain Grey has a knowledge of a portion of his history which I am sure he withheld from you. He is of obscure origin—in fact, a shadow rests over his birth, and he would not be received in society."

"Uncle, you wrong him. I am sure, you wrong him bitterly," cried the maiden, her generous nature rising in indignation at the hard and slanderous words she had listened to. "I cannot, without raising my voice in his defence, hear such mention of Walter Arneton. Whatever may be the misfortunes of his life, I believe his faults are few. He is brave, generous, intelligent—aye, more—accomplished; a gentlemen and the peer of the best."

"Auria!" spoke Syndam Hale, sternly. "You are infatuated with this young man. Gratitude has made him a hero in your eyes—a lover he will doubtless soon presume to be if you in the least encourage his advances. But as your guardian I must tell you that I can never approve of your intimacy—your acquaintance even with him. He must be unrecognized by you hereafter, even if I am forced to adopt severe measures to secure that end. I would be to you as a father, Auria, but you must in this matter respect my wishes."

"I cannot give up my friendship for Walter Arneton," said Auria firmly.

"Your friendship! how long would it *be* friendship? It is weak, foolish love already, born of natural gratitude. Do you—"

"Uncle Syndam, this interview is becoming very painful to me. I am not a child to be forced and threatened. You are guardian of my estate, and in a measure of my person, but you are not my master. I would be a daughter to you, but you must not attempt to deprive me of my reasonable rights. I regret extremely that I am compelled to appear disobedient, but I cannot agree to submit to dictation in matters that concern my individual interests, solely and vitally."

And with these brave, womanly words, uttered with all dignity and respect both to herself and her guardian, Auria arose as if waiting permission to leave the room.

"One moment, my child," said Syndam Hale, also rising.

His voice was calm, almost kind; it had suddenly lost its tyrannical pitch. He had discovered the sort of spirit he had to deal with, and knew that a dictatorial course would prove disastrous to his plans.

"One moment, Auria," he repeated. "We will drop this subject for the present. I will leave you to reflect upon this expression of my wishes. I have one more communication to make to you, and then you may retire. I am expecting a visitor in a few days—one in whom you will I hope find an acceptable companion and friend. *The person I refer to is my son.*"

Auria Melford was more than astonished at this announcement.

"Your son!" she exclaimed with a look of wonder. "I never knew you had a son. I never heard papa speak of him—I never heard papa speak of him. I was not aware that you were ever married."

Syndam Hale smiled—a strange, quiet smile it was.

"No, you never heard me mention my marriage nor speak of my boy. It is a sad story I have to tell you. Will you listen? or do I detain you? Another time will do as well."

"I will hear you now, uncle, if you please," she said, resuming her seat.

The merchant also seated himself, and shading his brow with his hand, appeared for a few moments to be absorbed in reflection. Auria waited patiently for him to break the silence, busy meanwhile with her own thoughts in connection with this new revelation.

At last her guardian spoke:

"As I said, my dear, the story of my early life is a sad one; but I will make it brief—too brief perhaps for your satisfaction. In my early manhood—before I knew your father—I was married to a lovely girl who lived to bear me two children, both boys. I lost my wife and my eldest boy in the short space of a month—the former by death, the latter as I believe by the malice of an enemy. I will not pain you with the particulars of the case. Suffice it to say that my son, whom I loved as a father seldom loves his child, disappeared, and I have never heard of him since. His fate is a mystery to me. I have sought for him everywhere but found him not nor any trace of him. He may be alive, but I long ago gave up the hope of ever seeing him. Few ever knew—none now know, or at least remember—the history of my loss. I dwelt at the time of my boy's abduction in a distant city. The place I often visit, but I have not spoken on the subject of my grief to any human being, except yourself this evening, for many years. I did not even to your father confide the facts, for somehow I grew to hate the mention of my sorrow. I buried my dead past, and removed to other scenes, changing entirely my own associations. Thus it came that I never made mention of my marriage, nor of the events that followed, to your father, nor to any one."

He paused and sighed. Auria like one in a dream had listened to the painful recital. As yet she hardly comprehended what she had heard. It seemed very strange to her to know that her father had regarded his friend as a bachelor, when the facts were so different. It implied a lack of true friendship on the part of her guardian toward her parent. His explanation did not satisfy her. Her sympathies had been aroused, however, and she gazed with a sort of wondering pity upon the man before her, who had thus laid the secrets of his heart open to her view. *Why* he had chosen to relate to her the mournful experiences of his life, after having so long maintained a silence upon the subject, she had not yet time to ask herself.

"My second son," resumed her guardian, "has also been lost to me for many years, but not as my other child has been. Auria, fate has dealt mercilessly with me, I think. The world calls me prosperous and rich, but it errs if it thinks me happy. I cannot fully explain to you at present the cause of my younger son's long absence from my home; but you will rejoice with me, I am sure, now that he is about to be restored to me."

"I do indeed, uncle," said Auria with deep feeling, though wondering and confused still. "I congratulate you upon the happy event, and would not have you further pain yourself by a statement of the circumstances that have necessitated this long and sad separation."

"Thank you, my child. You shall hear all in good season."

"When does your son return?"

"In a very few days at the furthest. The exact period of his arrival is uncertain."

"And you have not seen him since his infancy?" asked Auria in a tone of deepest sympathy.

"I said not that, my dear girl. I have seen him at intervals, but it was little joy to meet him."

"Has he been unfortunate?" wondered the fair girl.

"Yes, Auria; that is it. An infirmity that is now happily removed from him has been the curse of his existence. But the clouds are breaking for him and for me now, and I trust that the latter part of my life will have more of sunshine in it. I have waited long in the hope of better things, and now fate indeed seems kindlier. You will be pleased with my son—my Henry."

A loving father's feelings seemed stirring in his bosom, and in her delight at seeing him so changed and happy Auria forgot his recent exhibitions of an ungrateful, sordid and imperious nature.

"And now, my child, you may retire. I have wearied you I fear; surprised you, and perhaps in one particular offended you. Think of all I have said; take my counsel in the direction I have specified if you can bring your judgment to approve of it, and trust me as you would a father. Good-night, and do not carry too much of the memory of this interview into your dreams."

She bade him adieu for the night, and retired immediately to her chamber, for it was quite late. But she found it impossible to banish from her mind the subjects of their interview. It took her a day or two to compose in any degree the thoughts thus awakened.

THE "BERHAM" CAPTURES A WEST-INDIAMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE'S WORK.

Several days elapsed from the date of Auria's interview with her guardian, and still his son, so long and so mysteriously absent from his father's home, did not make his appearance. Auria was assured by Mr. Hale, that the young man's coming could not much longer be delayed, though he offered no explanation of the cause of his non-arrival.

The maiden ventured no inquiries, being content to await in patience whatever knowledge might come to her in relation to this whole mysterious matter.

Mr. Hale sent for his housekeeper one evening, and gave notice that he desired apartments prepared for permanent occupancy by one who was about to become a member of the household.

This was the first intimation Mrs. Mount had received of the expected addition to the family. She was somewhat surprised to learn the fact—but when Mr. Hale quietly informed her that the individual coming was his son, her astonishment was almost ludicrous.

"Your son!" she exclaimed, in her amazement. "I never knew you had a son, Mr. Hale—nor that you were ever married."

"Of course, Mrs. Mount," he coolly said, "this announcement occasions you great surprise—but I trust you will recover from it in time to make the needed preparations for the young man's reception. He is my son, and that fact for the present is sufficient. The world will doubtless wonder why I have chosen to let it remain in ignorance of my domestic relations, but it may wonder. I have not made a mystery of the matter—I have only maintained a silence. Years ago I was united in honorable marriage to a worthy woman; and the young man who will soon arrive at Clermont is the offspring of that union. Circumstances have rendered it necessary that he should dwell away from my home; but now that he is about to enter it, I hope you will do your part to make it agreeable to him. You may go."

Rising, he waited for her to leave the room, and then resumed his seat and indulged in another of those periods of troubled reflection which of late had become quite common to him.

Mrs. Mount sought her chamber, in a mood of mind much resembling that in which Auria Melford had left the library a few evenings previous.

"A strange man—a strange man," she muttered, "and he always was since I have

known him, but I think his eccentricities increase. What a m. I wonder? He will be bringing a wife to Clermont and maybe two or three more children. Well, the old place needs more occupants, and there's room for all."

Mrs. Mount was a widow, and had lived at Clermont many years. She was a practical, plain-speaking person, intelligent, motherly and quite companionable. Her long service in the household had secured her privileges that could not belong to an ordinary domestic. Auria Melford had been attracted toward her, and confided in her as one to be trusted and even loved. The widow's good sense and uncalculating shrewdness, united with her natural refinement, had quite won upon the orphan's heart.

The next day the two were in the sitting-room alone.

Auria saw from the housekeeper's manner that something unusual had occurred, and she divined that the secret her guardian had imparted to her, had also been made known to Mrs. Mount.

"We are to have a new-comer in Clermont, Miss Auria, as I suppose you know," she remarked with a meaning smile.

"Then Uncle Syndam has chosen to acquaint you with the fact," returned she. "I was longing to inform you of it myself, but I thought it best for my guardian to make the revelation himself."

"It is very strange," said the widow. "I always supposed Mr. Hale was never married."

"That was the general supposition," spoke the maiden. "Uncle Syndam has given me a partial history of the circumstances that led to the concealment of the fact of his marriage; and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he preferred to make no mention of the subject to the world. He was unhappy in his domestic relations—or, at least, a fatality seemed to bring him misery, and a morbid bitterness of feeling has constrained him to silence. He is a peculiar man, as I need hardly observe to you, Mrs. Mount."

"He is, indeed" agreed the housekeeper. "I have lived at Clermont many years, and I have had opportunity to acquaint myself with the character of its master. Pardon me, Miss Auria, if I speak with too much freedom, but I must say that I do not altogether admire it. Yet Mr. Hale has always been respectful and kind to me. Some call him hard hearted and avaricious; you may know that he is a money lender as well as a merchant. But it is not for me to complain; he has been just to me, if not liberal. I only know that he is not popular."

Her listener sighed. She felt that Mrs. Mount had not erred in her estimate of Syndam Hale's character, and the memory of that painful interview in the library, came up to her with new force.

The widow went on to express anew her surprise at the strange conduct of the merchant in being so reticent in respect to the fact of his marriage and the existence of his son, and then began speculating as to the character of the young man. Auria had few remarks to make, though she did not wonder in the least at her companion's repeated expressions of wonder, surprise and curiosity. When the good woman had in a measure thus relieved herself, the two separated, and the housekeeper, with no diminution of domestic zeal, went about her duties.

The next day Auria took opportunity to say to her—

"I have received a note of invitation from my school-friend, Lily Hammond, to visit her this afternoon. I will probably remain during the evening, as she has promised me acceptable escort home. Therefore, if Uncle Syndam's son does not in the meantime arrive to debar me from going, I will be absent this evening. Make my excuses to my guardian, please, Mrs. Mount, if he should inquire for me, though I presume, unless he desires a particular interview with me, he will not miss me."

"No, Miss Auria, I fear not. He is so much occupied either here or away, that you might feel yourself quite neglected if you chose to do so. You would find it very dull if you were not to go out occasionally. You must have society. Who is this Miss Hammond you are about to visit?"

"A charming girl, who was at school with me in Boston. She called a short time since. Did you not see her?"

"No, or I should have remarked her presence. You have but few female friends in the city, Auria?"

"None, save Lily Hammond. She is quite young, but very gay and pleasant, and I value her acquaintance highly."

In the afternoon, nothing occurring to prevent, Auria went down-town to the residence of her friend.

Lily Hammond was the daughter of Horace Hammond, the kind old merchant who had so befriended Walter Arneton. She was, indeed, as Auria had described her, a charming girl, whose very presence was life and cheerfulness. Her mother was dead, but she had the kindest and best of fathers. A delightful afternoon was passed, and in the evening the young ladies were joined by Will Hammond, Lily's handsome brother, and by Captain Walter Arneton! The surprise and pleasure of the meeting of the latter and Auria was mutual. Lily had said not a word to either about the probability of their seeing each other.

She had learned under what circumstances they had first met, and in a spirit of gayety she wished to give each the pleasure of an unexpected meeting in her own home.

"I promised you a safe and acceptable escort home," she said aside to Auria. "I suppose you thought I referred to my brother, but are you not satisfied with a different arrangement?" And she smiled slyly.

Somehow Lily had concluded that from the very romantic nature of their first meeting, her friend and the gallant young captain must of necessity become lovers. That she was correct in her presumption the evident, unconscious delight the two found in each other's company sufficiently attested.

It was indeed a pleasant and fortunate meeting for Auria and Walter. The latter regarded their meeting as a sort of special providence in his behalf. The former was relieved from the embarrassment that would attend an interview in her guardian's house, since Mr. Hale had so strongly and strangely indicated his opposition to their further acquaintance. She had from the first resolved not to sacrifice the friendship of Walter Arneton, and yet she did not desire to act in open disobedience to her guardian's wishes. She did not look upon the young captain as her lover, for no word of love had been spoken between them; she only felt that he was good and manly and true, and as the preserver of her life she could not in common gratitude turn from him at another's apparently whimsical command. In her previous intercourse with Walter Arneton, Auria had acted with all womanly delicacy, though she had not hesitated to treat him with unusual cordiality, for this she truly felt. Her manner toward him on the present occasion was marked with equal warmth, and the young captain was overjoyed at this continued expression of her regard for him. Since their last meeting an event had occurred that rendered him apprehensive that when he next saw her she might be to him as a stranger rather than as a friend. We will shortly explain the reason for this fear.

The evening at Mr. Hammond's passed pleasantly and rapidly—rapidly unless with Walter, who was longing for an opportunity of private conversation with Auria. This did not offer until he was by her side, escorting her to her guardian's house.

The distance was not great, and they walked at first in silence, each busy with thoughts relating to the other. Unconfessed lovers they were as yet—on the part of Auria unconfessed even to herself. Walter was the first to speak.

"I saw your guardian at his office recently, Auria," he said.

"So he himself informed me," she replied, and blushed to know that the interview could not have given Walter a very exalted opinion of his generosity. She trembled also, for she knew from the tone of his voice that he had a painful communication to make. He paused as if hesitating to speak, and then with an effort continued:

"It grieves me exceedingly to mention Mr. Hale's name otherwise than with respect, but with your permission I will relate what occurred between us."

"Go on, Walter," she said. "I am prepared to listen. Uncle Syndam has treated you with injustice, as I am already aware. If he has been guilty of harshness and insult I will not excuse him, though I am deeply pained by his ungenerous conduct."

"I will speak plainly, then," said her companion. "You shall know all, and judge between us. In the first place he gave me for distribution among my comrades in the venture that resulted in the relief of the Berham a sum altogether inadequate to the service rendered. Think not, Auria, that the gallant fellows thought of pecuniary reward in connection with that act."

"O, surely not."

"And you will not suspect me, I trust, of entertaining an expectation of—"

She interrupted him with an exclamation of reproach.

"I will know," he continued, "that you give me credit for simple humanity on that occasion. We found our reward in the consciousness of having done our duty; yet a valuable vessel and cargo were saved from destruction. My comrades might reasonably expect from the owners a generous sum, unsolicited, for the saving of so much property from loss. For myself I ask nothing, but I blush that the others were not dealt with in a more liberal spirit."

"And the greatest wrong done them was to ascribe mercenary motives as the secret of their action," sighed Auria.

"Perhaps it was a dislike to myself that caused Mr. Hale to act thus ungenerously. He appears to entertain a strong aversion toward me, Auria. I know not why it is. My presence seems to awaken in him bitter memories. When we first met he was strangely affected, even agitated, as if in my person he recognized an enemy. I have never given him cause of offence, I am sure. He intimated very plainly that he did not approve of my visits to Clermont; in fact, that my acquaintance with you must entirely cease. And now, Auria, what have you to say? Will you cast me off, or—"

He paused. A pleading earnestness was in his voice—the unfinished closing question was full of trembling hope.

They had reached and entered the grounds of Clermont. The soft summer night, with its still air and shadowy light, was around them. They had stopped beside a playing fountain, whose low, musical murmur did not interrupt their converse.

The answer of Auria Melford to her companion was by look and gesture, rather than words—and eloquent they were. Walter understood her.

"You will not deny me your respect and friendship?" he cried, with a delight not to be concealed. "A thousand thanks; but you must hear me further. You must know that I am one who might be regarded as unworthy to be your associate. The judgment of the world is often hard. A shadow, but, as I believe, no disgrace, Auria, was over my early childhood. The fact has more than once been cruelly used against me; it forms the ostensible, if not the real, ground of your guardian's opposition to my intercourse with you. Many a sneer have I endured because of this misfortune, since I commenced my struggles with the world for fortune and position. Now that you have heard these words from my lips, will you, too, be uncharitable?"

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed, "you do not judge me thus?"

A great gladness filled the bosom of the young man as the rich reproachful tones of her voice were heard.

"No!" he answered joyously. "But I felt that I must acquaint you with the truth, Auria. I would secure a place in your regard by no concealment of what might, if known, cause you in your pride to turn from me. I, too, am proud—"

"Speak no further, Walter," she interrupted. "You are more than worthy to be my friend—you are true and honorable in my sight; and real worth is better than a name!"

The gladness of her listener swelled to rapture as she spoke. A hope that he had before hardly dared to cherish grew strong in his soul. The beautiful girl was loved by him; but not till now did he presume to think that she might become his bride. The encouragement her noble words had given him; the hour—the opportunity—the desire to win her, now grown suddenly bold, all united to urge him on to a declaration of his feelings toward her. The love that had from the first hour of their meeting on that stormy sea been growing with unguessed power now arose in its strength and called for a return.

"Auria," he passionately spoke, "forgive me if I offend you. Not until this hour did I dare to dream of such happiness. But I love you, and if ever I can lift this shadow from my name, will you be my wife? You are above me in social station, and in material possessions, but you will not say that you scorn my love?"

For answer she placed her soft hand in his—a murmur of joy was on her lips. He clasped her to his breast, saying, with tremulous delight—

"Mine, then—you will be mine?"

"Yours, Walter, with all the world against you, I would be your wife."

"My darling—my own!" he exclaimed rapturously, as with a passionate kiss their betrothal was sealed.

They lingered long in the place, exchanging sweet confidences, speaking of mutual hopes and fears, and showing heart to heart with all love's unrestraint.

They parted at the great hall door, Walter saying, as he took a farewell kiss—

"I leave you, dear Auria, for scenes of danger, perhaps of death. We sail to-morrow, as you know; but, bearing with me the knowledge of your love, how easy will duty be, how full of bliss my life! God bless and protect you until I return."

"And you, Walter—heaven preserve you through every peril. Love me and trust me as your own."

Another embrace and he was gone.

Auria was admitted to the house by Mrs. Mount, who was with considerable anxiety awaiting her coming. She said nothing to the worthy woman of the happy cause of her delay, but she resolved to acquaint her on the morrow with the fact of her betrothal to Walter Arneton. She sought her chamber, and there reflected upon the tender occurrences of the evening. Not one doubt of the propriety of her course oppressed her.

"I love him—I love him; she murmured, "and he is good and true. A noble nature he possesses that raises him to equality with the best. His heart is rich with love, and his spirit lofty with manly pride and honorable aims. I have chosen, and am happy in my choice. O, Walter! shame shall never shadow thee, envy never harm thee, malice never sting, if my love can prevent."

Auria had not forgotten that her guardian's favor would probably never be extended to her union with Walter Arneton. She knew that he would be highly offended to learn that she had accepted the young sailor as her future husband, but she did not chide herself for disobedience and clandestine action, for she did not recognize his authority over her in the matter. He had charge of her estate, not of her affections. This her dying father had expressly given her to understand; he knew his child, and had wisely chosen to leave her free to wed whom she chose. Therefore her course, which under other circumstances would have been painful to her because of its disobedience, appeared to her right and proper. Her heart had been given into honorable keeping and her conscience approved of the surrender. A sweet disturbance filled her breast, but self-reproach and doubt had no part in it.

If, as Shakespeare says, "the course of true love never yet ran smooth," it is not to be disputed that real lovers, nevertheless, find in the current a glorious unrest that is better than loveless quiet.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE BREEZE.

It was on a bright and breezy summer morning that Captain Arneton's vessel fully manned and equipped as a privateer, sailed out of New York harbor, bound for the West India waters. A beautiful sight she presented as she left the lower bay, and spreading all her sails to the favoring wind, sped onward to the broad Atlantic. She was a swift sailer as her symmetrical figure indicated, of about two hundred and fifty tons burthen, long, low and sharp, set of good breadth of beam. Her beautifully tapering masts towered aloft like pines on a mountain-top, and from her peak fluttered her starry flag.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were almost without spring or rise, was mounted her armament, consisting, with the addition hereafter mentioned, of sixteen long brass twelve pounders, eight on each side. They were not run out of the ports like a man-of-war's, but stowed fore and aft; while the ports themselves were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchant vessel that only the keenest and most suspicious observer would take her to be other than she seemed.

In addition to her batteries she mounted amid-ships upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass racks, arm-chests and boarding pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for conflict at close quarters, and to finish by boarding the work of the great guns. Whatever cruiser of the enemy might meet her in anything like equal contest would find her a terrible foe.

She was manned as only a craft could be whose captain had his choice of men from among the crews of half a dozen vessels. Captain Arneton had indeed been especially favored in the important matter of choosing his crew, and with pride and confidence he surveyed them as he moved about the deck. The greater part were now with him there, having just finished making sail, in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they rested carelessly about after their recent labor, might be read the proof that these trusts were worthily bestowed. In turn the crew of the privateer were proud of their young commander, for they knew that though so youthful in appearance, he was a skillful sailor and a brave man. Our hero was dressed with a careless neatness that became him well, though he wore a common tarpaulin like his subordinates.

He took the opportunity to make a little speech to his men as they were gathered on the deck, and most respectfully was his call for attention heard.

"My brave fellows," he said, as with pride in his eye and the true dignity of command in his bearing he looked into their upturned faces, "I have thought it well to address you a word or two now that we are at sea together, not only as seamen, but as patriots and defenders of our country. Our people are contending against a powerful enemy, great alike on land and sea, and we must do our best to help them. Individual profit is not to be our first thought in this venture, though I trust we shall not return empty-handed to port. Of necessity we are compelled in a private capacity to war against the enemy, but every blow we can strike will tell in defence of our homes and kindred. I want you to feel that you are engaged in a patriotic service—that you are contending not for prize-money but for the good of your country—and beyond that I want you to do in every respect your duty. I ask no more of you and shall be satisfied with no less, and I wish you to hold me to the same conditions. I have nothing more to say."

This brief address was received at its close with the most enthusiastic cheering. Salute enthusiasm it was; not the noisiest, but deep, hearty and lasting.

The crew dispersed to gather in knots and groups, and their captain went below to the cabin. Will Hammond, who was on board having shipped with the Breeze in an independent capacity, there joined him. The merchant's son had tasted salt water before, and liking an occasional escape from the city to the sea, having a love of adventure also, the idea had occurred to him to accompany his friend on the present cruise.

"That was a neat speech of yours, Walter," he said as he entered the snug cabin of the privateer. "And well received too, by Jove. Your men will fight like—like *men* (that's a good simile, is it not?) when they get a chance."

"I think they will," responded the young captain simply. "How is it with yourself, Will? Do you already regret that you joined us?"

"Not in the least," was the hearty answer. "To be sure my position is rather a peculiar one for shipboard, since I am neither officer, seaman, nor passenger, but I am determined to enjoy myself, make myself useful and keep out of the way."

"You don't mean to do the latter when we find an enemy?" said Walter humorously.

"You are hard on me, captain," laughed Will. "No, I mean *till* then."

"You will be of service to us I have no doubt. In case of boarding a cruiser of the enemy for instance—I am determined to run away from nothing short of a man-of-war—your chance for glory will be good. But, jesting aside, Will, I rejoice that you are with us. You are our merry Jack. Besides the cruise will do you good—you have kept yourself too close of late in that office—and if we get safely back to port, you will value your experience in privateering as long as you live. We are pretty sure to meet with success, at least in finding vessels of the enemy, for we will cruise in the path of the homeward bound West Indiamen, and there are numbers of them without convoy in those waters."

"One of those rich merchantmen would indeed be a prize."

"Aye, and I trust we shall be fortunate enough to secure such. Every capture of an English trader is a blow against the English navy. They will be compelled to send war-vessels to every sea to protect them against our privateers, and thus the offensive power of the enemy will be greatly weakened. If I mistake not the English government will sadly regret that it ever forced this war upon us. Our privateers will play havoc with their merchant-marine, and even our little navy I predict will give them more trouble than they apprehend."

"They affect to despise it, but like you, captain, I have hopes of a good show on the part of our naval force. I know the spirit of our common sailors, and I am sure it extends to the navy."

"You are right, Will. Study the appearance of the men on board this brig. Where will you find a more reliable-looking crew? You see it in their faces and their bearing. I would trust my crew, Will, raw as they are, in conflict with an equal number of the best fighters in the English navy."

The young captain spoke proudly and confidently.

"I am not boasting," he continued, "for I know the folly of that, but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of my men."

"Including me, captain?" laughed Will.

"Including you, Will. I have an idea of putting you in charge of our long Tom. If you were only a practical gunner now, you might perform distinguished service, for you know we rely greatly on our forty-two pounder."

"I had better be practising, then, captain," rejoined the gay hearted young fellow as he turned to leave the cabin. Walter also went on deck. Everything was orderly and fair, and the brig bowled merrily along, the shores of their country fast fading from the view of those she carried.

All went well for days, and at last the Breeze reached the latitude that had been selected as her cruising ground. A sharp look-out was constantly kept, and the crew were in eager expectation of soon finding stirring work to do.

On a hot afternoon, the second day of their arrival in tropical waters, Captain Arneton was walking fore-and-aft along the starboard quarter deck, carelessly swinging the spy-glass with which ever and anon he swept the horizon.

The first mate of the brig was near, and pausing in his promenade, the young captain thus addressed him:

"Mr. Matley, don't you think we had better make a little more easting? We are hardly yet in the path of the outward bound West Indiamen, and may lose a splendid chance by keeping where we are. The wind for a day or two has been not at all in our favor. Shall we bear more toward the little Antilles?"

"That would be wise, I think, captain. You see—"

"Sail ho!" at this instant sung out the look-out aloft.

The captain and mate, and in fact all hands sprang up at this announcement, the former hailing:

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir," was the reply.

This news spread animation through the vessel, and the crew being instantly mustered, sail was increased as much as possible, and the brig bore rapidly down upon the stranger. The men were delighted at the prospect of a chase, not overlooking the possibility of themselves being obliged to "show their heels."

In half an hour Captain Arneton hailed the look-out:

"Mast-head there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, sir," was the reply. "Her starboard tack boarded, standing sou'-west."

"Keep the brig more to the southward, Mr. Matley," ordered the captain on receipt of this information; "we'll out her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," said the mate as he obeyed the order. "It may be she's a man-of-war."

"Very good; we have the weather-gauge," answered Captain Arneton as he went forward to take a second look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly in sight. She was a ship of heavy build, and her appearance indicated that she might indeed be a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after, for the chase which until now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail toward the brig. The rapidity with which this movement was effected and her canvas crowded was to be accepted as almost proof positive that she was a man-of-war. This manœuvre of the stranger produced great excitement on board the Breeze.

"Must we run from the first sail?" spoke the captain of the privateer, rather with mortification. "If we really have crossed a man-of-war she is too much for us to think of attempting to handle. However I'm not quite satisfied as to her character."

He raised his glass again to his eyes, and gazed long and earnestly at the stranger. Dropping it at last, he said more composedly:

"Clear away Long Tom, there, and double shot both batteries. Yonder sail is an Englishman, and we will soon know whether we are to fight or run."

The vessels being on opposite courses, had now approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

The orders of the captain of the brig had been obeyed, and Mr. Matley reported—

"The chase is now within range, sir."

"Very good, sir," replied our hero. "Send up our flag at the fore, and let drive with Long Tom."

Up went the starry ensign, and at the same instant the 42-pounder thundered its inquiry and challenge over the sea.

This bold action of the privateer caused evident and instantaneous alarm on board the English vessel. As the smoke of the gun cleared away, the stranger was seen bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail. A wild cheer from the Americans followed this discovery.

"She has attempted to trick us!" cried Captain Arneton. "No man-of-war, that, but a rich West Indiaman. Now, my men, for a chase in earnest. Clap on all sail, run out the batteries and open the magazine."

Every man sprang to his post, and the orders of the captain were quickly obeyed. The stranger up to this period had not shown her colors, but a second shot from the 42 pounder of the privateer caused her to display the well-known flag of England.

"There goes her ensign at the peak!" cried Will Hammond, who, with more than a landsman's quickness observed the action. "That's the meteor-flag is it? Well, may it soon hang under our starry one!"

Whiz-z-z-z went another shot from the Long Tom of the privateer, pawing through the main-royal of the merchantman. Shortly after another tore through the bunt of all three of her topsails.

"Capital!" cried Will. "At this rate the ship will soon be disabled without damaging us in the least. Why don't she show fight, since she can't escape by sailing, and carries batteries?"

We omitted to mention that the merchantman was armed, carrying sixteen 12-pounders and a crew of apparently not less than fifty men.

As if in answer to Will Hammond's query, which indeed was the question in the mind of every one on board the brig, the English vessel put down her helm, hauled close upon the wind, and bore down upon her foe. She was evidently in despair of escaping, and tired of being raked fore and aft. Her intention was plainly to go into action in man-of-war fashion, for she took in her royals, fore and fisen top-gallant sails and flying jib; next she hauled up the courses, depressed both batteries, and made every preparation, as was evident from the bustle on board to beat off the privateer.

Captain Arneton noted with a quick and disciplined eye every movement of his opponent. He penetrated the design of her commander at once, and the change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the brig's.

Orders were given to shorten sail, and in the meantime the 12-pounder was kept blazing away, the shot being now mainly directed to her decks, as the desire of our hero was not to carry away her spars nor to hit her between wind and water. He had a careful eye to the preservation of her sailing abilities with the view of carrying her off as a prize.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Austria will in future execute condemned murderers by shooting.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Utica girl at the proper hour pulls a string which reverses a picture on the back of which appear in huge characters the words "Ten o'clock is my bed-time," and her admirers take the gentle hint and depart.

☞ A Down-East lady thinks it "kinder nice to have a funeral come once in a while—the children enjoy it so much."

☞ Sky blue is a pretty color for ceilings, but not so tasty for country milk at ten cents a quart.

☞ Local editing must be jolly in Salem, Washington county, N. Y. The editor of the Press recently received the following delightful missive: "Youm fellers want to keep me fellers names ont of your paper else youm will get your d—d snoot busted. This is bizziness."

☞ The following is a Chicago personal item: Ear of Corn and Dirty Face, two Indian beauties, supped at the Briggs last night, receiving assiduous attentions from Carry-the-crow-on-his-Head and Afraid-of-the-Eagle. It is reported that the parties are engaged.

☞ A Paterson boy put a lighted match into a nearly empty powder keg, to see what would happen. He won't do so again, as his curiosity is satisfied, but the girl who sits next him in school thinks he looked better with his nose on.

☞ A little boy the other day was put into long trowsers for the first time. Some one asked him why he had changed. "Well," he replied, "the boys made fun of me, and I wasn't going to wear my pants at half-mast any longer."

☞ The New York Herald calls Sing Sing the "Hudson River Thief Manufactory and Normal College of Convicts."

☞ The vigilance committees for the eradication of lightning-rod men are forming in Indiana.

☞ The simple expedient of driving down an iron pipe saved the life of Levi Blanchard, who was recently buried in a well in Melrose, Mass. It was three hours before he was rescued, but the pipe gave him air to breathe, and he recovered.

☞ Col. Tennessee Claflin has been presented with a pair of Mexican spurs, with rowels as large as a silver dollar, to stimulate the fiery steed she will ride at the head of her regiment. The spurs will penetrate the equine flanks from opposite directions.

☞ In New Hampshire, the following is posted on a fence: "Notis—Know how is allond in these meddors, eny man or women letten thare kows run the rode, wot gits inter my meddors aforesaid shall have his tail cut orf by me, Obadiah Rogers."

☞ At San Francisco, the other evening while Mrs. Loomis was lecturing against female suffrage, she was hissed and jeered by leading female suffragists in the audience. Hon. David Meeker, who was present, insisted on the expulsion of the offenders, whereupon Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens, editress of the Pioneer, drew a pistol on him, and demanded an apology. By-standers, however, forced her to put away her pistol.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ On Sunday last a leopard in the Central Park menagerie, New York, suddenly attacked a child that was standing against the bars of its cage, imbedding its claws in the child's face. The child's shrieks, added to the roars of the beast, caused quite a panic among the spectators, and a general rush for the door ensued. The child was speedily freed, but its face was badly lacerated.

☞ Here is a cheerful announcement from the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel:—

"A coffin room has been established on Wayne street, in the rear of the Sentinel building. Any one feeling like attacking the editor will save his relatives trouble by coming around that way and selecting his box."

☞ A child was recently bitten to death in Kansas by a rattlesnake's head which had been severed from the snake's body.

☞ A constable in Ohio lately testified in court as follows: "I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what a woman says of another, is not worthy of belief."

☞ The oldest ship afloat in the British mercantile navy is a collier brig, belonging to South Shields, named the "Brotherly Love," and it is claimed that this is the identical vessel upon which the circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, served out his time as an apprentice. Captain Cook shipped on board the "Brotherly Love" about the year 1748, so that the venerable brig must be about one hundred and twenty-five years old.

☞ A Fort Wayne man has a pocket knife which belongs to Wilkie Collins, the English novelist, and has a history. Collins bought it, and had his name engraved on it. He lost it at Calais, France. The finder committed a murder with it. Collins chanced to be in attendance at the trial, and recovered his knife. He lost it again at Bath, England, and the finder committed suicide with it. Collins again recovered the knife, but lost it the third time. This time it was found in Fort Wayne. The gentleman who picked it up is a great admirer of the novelist, and wrote to him, receiving in reply a letter detailing the above facts.

☞ A candidate before a county convention in Ohio was out electioneering, and, stopping at a house on Harris's Prairie, asked the lady who came to the door if her husband was at home. She replied in the negative. The candidate expressed regret, as he wanted to secure his vote for the coming convention. "O, if that's all," returned the lady, "you needn't give yourself any uneasiness; he'll vote for you. There were seven candidates along here this morning, before he left home, and he promised to vote for every one of them."

☞ Eli Perkins reports the following conversation with a Wall street broker:

"Why, Charley, what has happened—what makes you so sad?" I asked.

"Oh, Eli," he sighed, "I am all broken up. I have met with a dreadful misfortune."

"What is it, Charley?" I urged, sympathetically.

"Oh, Eli, Mollie, my dear wife, is dead!" and then he broke down. Pretty soon he continued: "Yes, I'm all broken up. I don't take any interest in anything now. My mind is constantly with my poor angel wife. I dream of her all the time, in the morning and at night and—by-the-way, Eli, how did you say Erie closed last night?"

☞ A man was arrested in Pittsburg, on Tuesday, and upon being searched, was found to have on four new suits of clothes, one over the other. This excess of clothing could hardly be because of cold weather.

☞ Rhode Island was struck by lightning the other day, causing wide-spread devastation in adjoining States.

☞ A man in London recently went to bathe, accompanied by a monkey, which he was in the habit of taking about with him. Having undressed himself, he placed the monkey on his shoulder, secured by a chain, and waded into the water breast high. The monkey became frightened, rushed frantically around his master's head, and tightly twisted the chain round the man's neck, producing semi-strangulation. In a moment they went to the bottom, but were rescued by one of the boatmen of the Royal Humane Society. The man, who was black in the face, remained for some time in a state of stupor.

☞ THE HARDEST THING.—A young man who recently took unto himself a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

☞ We hear from a country friend, that the new sexton is likely to grow up a grave man.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

At supper Miss Lorillard did not appear until late, but Branwell escorted his aunt in, and sat down beside her. Perhaps he prided himself a little upon his ancestry on the side of the Branwells; any way, he was a trifle annoyed by the plebian volubility of this aunt, who had none of the Branwell grandeur at all about her, being no Branwell, but a half sister of his mother's, and her long residence in a distant part of the country had assisted her in forgetting many of the customs of the best society—supposing she had ever moved in it.

Branwell listened deferentially to her unbridled rattle of conversation, not visibly vexed until in an inadvertently loud voice she said:

"There is but one stranger at the table to-night. Do you see her, William—that dark girl near the fat gentleman?"

That the girl heard he could not but think, for she gave a furtive glance and a half smile up that way, then looked down again. Branwell did not know his look was so marked—his surprise and indignation prevented that. He saw it was the same girl he had met in the Cave of the Winds, and that fact made him scan her with a vivid interest. He did not know what he had expected, but he fancied he was a little disappointed. He saw a very dark face, yet not a Southern one; darkest hair without being black; a forehead wider and fuller than is the received standard for women; horizontal brows; eyes which he could not see, save that they were fringed with darkness; a passable nose; lips that lacked the full redness of Miss Lorillard's, but that were thinner and of that deeper crimson of a brunette, and that had a sweetness and a pride the latter enhanced by the firm cutting of the chin.

She sat quietly waiting to be served. In the hasty look she had cast towards Mrs. Richmond, she had not noticed Branwell, who had leaned far back in his chair; but now, probably feeling the gaze upon her, she looked up suddenly, seeing him for the first time. A painful crimson—and it did not seem that of confusion or resentment, but of superlative astonishment—covered her face, even to her brow; then it subsided, leaving her white, but very quiet, with no other sign of emotion. Branwell's gaze was withdrawn the moment she had looked up, but he had seen that blush, and wondered at it. Just then Miss Lorillard swept into the room, her toilet irreproachable, a forced animation in her face a lustre in her eyes. Branwell thought as he watched her:

"Who would not envy me the right of saying of this woman, she is my wife?"

She came to the empty chair at Branwell's right; with one hand on the chair, she glanced coolly down the table until her eyes rested upon the dark girl whose large brown eyes were now raised and looking full at her. The servant, waiting respectfully until the lady should please to be seated, thought she was faint, and instinctively reached her a glass of water. She sat down and raised the water to her lips, her heart whispering:

"The fates are against me; I can no longer trust to my self possession, and Satan himself will do it that I love this man."

Then she exchanged a few words with Mrs. Richmond, no frown ruffling her brow, her lips smiling, though a sharp physical pain, like a knife-blade, seemed stabbing her through and through.

"You do not eat anything," said Branwell at last; "I shall soon consider that travel was precisely the thing you did not need."

Miss Lorillard, to whom the act of swallowing had been almost beyond accomplishment, was glad of the opportunity of laying down her knife and fork, and saying:

"In truth I am not hungry. Will you fill me a glass of wine?"

Holding the glass in her hand, Miss Lorillard smiled down into it, saying, as she saw the girl opposite rise:

"I have noticed a new face to-night, and but one for a wonder—the girl just leaving the room. Who is she? do you know?"

Miss Lorillard sipped her wine slowly as she listened, but she saw him watching the girl as she left the room. She was almost as tall as Miss Lorillard, and her figure was as graceful, but with as different a grace as were their faces.

"That young lady must be remarkable," replied Branwell. "My aunt instantly spoke of her, and now you ask who she is. I am sorry that I don't know. I only know that by a touch of fate she saved my life in the Cave of the Winds. I was going blunderingly over the edge of the rocks."

"She saved your life!" exclaimed Miss Lorillard, more moved by that announcement than he had expected. "And what do you mean by a touch of fate?" she resumed more indifferently. "Is she endowed with some magical power, and did she touch you with her wand? She was in the cave when we were there?"

"Yes. To translate, she grasped my hand just as I was ready to fall, in consequence of an ignorant step, and saved me."

"She must be a very muscular young lady," said Miss Lorillard.

"She was supported by her guide."

"Well, Mr. Branwell, do you know you have given me a very fine nucleus for a romance?"

"I am aware of that. Your phrase reminds me of the time when you used almost the same words to me, a long time ago, when I thought a few days would part us forever."

She looked inquiringly, and he said:

"It was on the steamer when I had told you of that strange case of a man who married a woman he had never seen."

It was said with such apparent unconsciousness that Miss Lorillard felt the blow doubly—wondering blindly what this man could mean.

She bent her head to taste the wine again, saying:

"You have a remarkable memory. You cannot flatter me by saying you treasure all my sentences like that."

Miss Lorillard escaped to her room as soon as possible. She took from the trunk a case containing a row of small vials; from one she turned a few tiny pills, which she swallowed with a smile upon her lips that had already forgotten their wine and grown pale.

"These never fail me," she said, putting the vial back, and looking in the glass with a bitter contraction of her brows, as she saw the pallor of her face, a pallor that assailed even the mouth.

"Is Heaven sending me this strange illness?" she exclaimed, "or is it a pastime of hell itself? What demon laughs when I stammer and change color—I, whose coolness has been a marvel even to myself?"

The next day, at night, she was walking down to the falls with Branwell, who remarked that he had been mistaken in his idea that travel was not good for her. She seemed almost to have recovered her health, for her face was brilliant with transparent carmine and white, her eyes were luminous and clear.

From a turn in the path a figure emerged, and met them in the way, walking rapidly toward the hotel. It was the girl whom they had met at supper the night before.

Branwell turned to look after her, and

Miss Lorillard said. "You have doubtless discovered the name of your preserver!"

"No; have you been more fortunate?"

"Yes, thanks to the indomitableness of a woman's curiosity. She is a Miss Eytinge from Georgia. I fancied she was southern, from her face."

"But I did not," said he. "Is she here alone?"

"Apparently. But my researches did not go beyond my inquiries of a lady whom I know slightly. After my question she volunteered the information that Miss Eytinge is quite attached to the place, and spends a portion of her summers here nearly every year. A devotee of the Falls."

When they returned to the hotel, they saw this girl upon the piazza talking animatedly with a group of ladies and gentlemen, and Branwell, as he looked, hardly recognized it as the same face he had seen in repose at the hotel table. Flashing, radiant, her whole face was illuminated by her eyes, by the play of lips; and the two new-comers heard her voice, a voice which it is impossible to describe, for there seemed both a woman's and a child's soul in it—pure and soft, with a cadence like that in a gleeful child's tone, but with something running through it, a fibre of the intensest pride of womanhood—a suggestion of the possibility of the truest and proudest ring; and withal a voice as utterly natural as if she was but five years old.

Miss Lorillard listened for a moment, her face masked in polite interest. When the girl had finished her recital of the incident she was relating, Branwell said:

"Are you a judge of character, Miss Lorillard? Read me that lady's face."

"I should find nothing there but truth and honor—perhaps an unusual calmness of nature," was the reply—Miss Lorillard well knowing that truth was her best policy.

With a pang of absolute pain she saw the glow upon her companion's face, and knew that she had but uttered his own thoughts.

The group near them separated, and Miss Lorillard entered the house and went up to her chamber, feeling an impression that at this moment, notwithstanding all her wishes and all her power, the man whom she loved thought of this girl with an attraction stronger than she could ever make him feel. It was true, Branwell lingered in the room as only people in a hotel can linger—listlessly, with no apparent object. He was resolved upon knowing this girl whom Miss Lorillard had called Miss Eytinge, whose touch he remembered so well. At last he saw that one by one the people who surrounded her had sauntered away, she stood with one arm round a vine-wreathed pillar of the portico, her fingers hidden by the leaves, which drooped over her face also, as she looked outward upon the moonlight night, with an outlook which was faintly a remembrance of other scenes; while penetrating everything of house or grounds, was the roar of the Falls.

Branwell was but a few paces from her, as he looked, a strange, a powerful warmth penetrated his heart, an absolute longing to know her. He would have given some part of his life to have held her hand fast clasped in his; and this feeling was so strong, so vivid, that he never thought of it as being strange or unusual.

He advanced to her side, she turned her eyes upon him without changing her position, and their glances met with that unfaltering, profound look with which those of soul kinship recognize each other. Her eyes were the first to fall, and as they did so, a pale, beautiful blush colored her face, which that moonlight was bathing in loveliness.

Without thought of embarrassment, Branwell drew nearer and held out his hand, saying:

"Give me leave to present myself as one who owes much gratitude that he waives ceremony; for I cannot, unconventional as is the fact, feel a stranger to you."

Every accent conveyed to the listening girl a conviction of his sincerity. She placed her hand in his, but she did not immediately speak. The touch of that hand to him, the sense of holding it for one fleeting instant in his own, palm to palm, softly and warmly, thrilled through his heart with a power that nothing had ever made him feel before. His gray eyes poured light upon her—the light of an indestructible interest, an endless good-will. Branwell felt a relief which he did not at first acknowledge for what it was—the reaction from the society of Miss Lorillard, which had held him in fetters forged by art. Here he felt the untrammelled music of nature, exquisite, refined to the last degree, but as truly nature as the rose that blooms double and glowing in the garden is truly as much a rose as the pale-red sister that blooms by the dusty road. He did not think of suspecting the genuineness of the girl whose hand he had just touched, any more than he would have questioned the purity of a lily. For the time, as he stood with her, he entirely forgot the existence of Miss Lorillard.

"Our meeting was in so strange a place that we might easily be justified in becoming acquainted without the aid of conventional usages," she said, in assent to his words.

"Then I may consider that we are legitimately acquainted, so that I shall have no fears of being passed by unrecognized in the future?"

"You shall have no fears," she replied.

"It is then a compact?"

"It is a compact," was the answer.

Just then two ladies rustled along the piazza and out on to the path that led across the lawn. They were Miss Lorillard and Mrs. Richmond. The eyes of the former, though she was evidently giving all her attention to her companion, saw the two standing by the pillar, saw the something indescribable in Branwell's manner which told the attraction he felt.

The glance of his companion followed the two ladies until they were out of sight, then she turned to the gentleman and said:

"There seems something familiar to me about that beautiful lady—something, it seems to me, more in the peculiar grace of her manner than in her face. I must have dreamed of her, or beheld her in that life which we fancy we have lived before."

Branwell's face showed that the current of his emotions had been turned to some gloomy channel; the bright light had gone out, and the girl looked in surprise at him.

"Who is she?" she asked.

"She is Miss Lorillard," he said, and noticed that she started perceptibly as he replied.

"Miss Lorillard! Where is her home?"

"In Massachusetts, I believe. Is it possible that you have met her?" he asked rapidly.

"No, oh no; it was a dream. But she is a countrywoman of mine."

He looked up in unmitigated astonishment.

"A countrywoman? But I thought you were Southern—a Georgian."

"That must be the fault of my complexion," she replied smiling, "I am a Yankee."

Ere Miss Lorillard returned from her walk with Mrs. Richmond, Branwell had left his new acquaintance, and Miss Lorillard saw her reading in the parlor as she passed by the door. Mrs. Richmond went up stairs, but Miss Lorillard stopped involuntarily at the door and looked in at the room entirely deserted, save for the girl, who leaned back in an easy chair, her eyes upon the book she held. Lightning gleamed in Miss Lorillard's eyes—a scathing, lurid look that might have blasted her on whom it was directed.

"One swift shot of a pistol held in my hand," she thought. "Now I could do it; not a nerve would tremble; but I never, never shall. If hate could kill! He has seen her, he will love her. What a rival I have!"

Miss Lorillard stood as if fascinated. Suddenly the girl raised her eyes and encountered that look. It sent a shudder through her; but the look, before she had hardly seen it, glanced off, and wandered round the room as if in search of some one; then Miss Lorillard glided up stairs.

The girl dropped her book, rose and walked to the door, looking up to see again that face so evil in its beauty; but it had gone, and she commenced walking up and down the room with a slow pace, each step seeming a thought of Miss Lorillard—a wonder in what way their lives could clash—a fear, and then a proud self-reliance. The girl's thoughts wandered back to all the days of her past life—days which her own superabundant vitality had filled with freshness and happiness, though the incidents were few. It was Miss Lorillard who had sent her thoughts backward, filling her mind with a wonder, an unsatisfied curiosity, for which she could find no reason.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Captain Joe's Boots.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

I had a habit of dropping into the apartments of my friend, Captain Joe Blank.

Taken altogether, these *apartments* were rather small affairs, and I think the captain's own name for them, "rat holes," comes nearer the mark.

Captain Joe was still a young man and a bachelor. He had served gallantly during the war—on which side makes but little difference now—and had settled down on a small salary as clerk in a cotton factory.

Even an imaginative reporter would have hesitated before calling Captain Joe's apartments palatial. They were two—one, a tiny kitchen with no furniture to speak of, except a frying-pan; the other, a box of a room, containing a trunk, a table, two chairs, a bed, a pair of highly-polished boots, and a gorgeously-colored and framed battle scene. Captain Joe had picked up this last article at an auction.

"My dear captain," said I one evening, casting a look of curiosity towards the boots which always occupied the place of honor on the mantel, "I have often noticed that pair of boots, and from some expressions you have dropped from time to time, I conclude that those boots have a history. Am I right?"

"Well, yes," answered my friend, as the cigar smoke floated gracefully around his head. "They've done me a precious night of harm in their time, and the worst of it is I can't get rid of 'em."

My friend's face wore such an amusing expression of serio-comic despair that I could not refrain from laughter.

"They're something like the slippers in the Arabian tale."

"Exactly," responded the captain, knocking the ashes from his cigar; "but take a good look at the boots and I'll tell you the story."

"Paris made article—no mistake," I commented.

"Yes. I had 'em imported. 'A fool and his money,' you know. Not that I had a great deal of cash, but I had great expectations and a fair amount of foolishness—most young fellows have the latter.

"My mother's cousin, Mr. Briefly, was a retired merchant. He was immensely rich and a bachelor. He had undertaken the expense of my education, and had promised to make me his heir if I turned out well. He resided in Colton. Accordingly I was sent to that place to study law, in order to at least have the pleasure of 'keeping an eye on me,' as he phrased it.

"There was an aunt of mine living in Colton too—a rich old maid—and I had reason to believe that she had made a will in my favor. She allowed me to occupy a room in her spacious mansion: for, like my other relatives, she wanted to know what I was about. Now, you may believe that I was pretty closely watched. Mr. Briefly was a sharp, inquisitive personage, and my aunt, when she had watered her orange tree and fed her cats, had nothing in the world to do but mind other people's business.

"Between them I was nearly worried out of my wits, but on the whole their strict surveillance kept me out of much mischief, I think. With their consent I had become engaged to Clare Burton—a charming creature, not intellectual enough for *your* ideal perhaps, but she was almost perfect in my eyes."

The captain paused a moment, and looked dreamily into the fire.

"Where was I? Ah—yes. She was mistress of a large fortune, left by her father; if she had not been rich, my guardians would not have consented. We were to wait two years and then be married.

"Well, one New Year's Eve there was to be a grand party at *her* house. I, of course, received an invitation, and as "larks" were rare with me, I eagerly anticipated this occasion, and determined to have a jolly time.

"New Year's Eve came at last. I had got myself up regardless of expense. My coat was faultless, and my gloves and neck-tie would have raised feelings of admiration in the heart of a Diogenes. My boots—those in the corner there—were sent home late, and I discovered that they were entirely too small. I wasted three-quarters of an hour vainly endeavoring to pull them on. What was I to do? Time was flying. I hadn't another pair fit to wear. They *must* go on. Perseverance and tugging did their usual work. The boots went on; but when that consummation had been reached, I'd have given worlds to have them off again! But I determined not to lose the party, and go I would, even though my feet were being crushed to half their natural size. The agony was intolerable. I would suffer and be strong, I thought.

"It was very easy to think so, but when I reached the street, I felt the fallacy of anything of the sort. 'Suffer and be strong,' indeed! I guess the author of that line never wore tight boots to a party!

"My corns protested painfully against the infliction. I could hardly walk. I managed, however, to stagger to a carriage stand, and procure a cab.

"'He's been a drinkin' the new year in, till he's drunk his senses out,' called the cabman to a lounging companion as we drove off.

"His words of course referred to me, and did not tend to soothe my ruffled temper.

"'At any rate, I won't have to dance,' I said to myself, 'that would be an impossibility in these boots. I'll not ask anybody. Clare will think it strange, but I can explain privately.'

"The cab drew up before the house of Burton. Mrs. Burton generally did things in good style. The front of the house was blazing with light. The Burtons were *ole la haute societe*, therefore the cream of Colton was to be seen pouring into the hospitable mansion.

"My driver descended from the perch, and assisted me to alight, ostentatiously offering me his arm to lead me to the door.

"The dancing had begun. As I walked unsteadily into the brilliantly lighted room, I forgot my pain for an instant in gazing at the enchanting scene that spread before me. My oblivion, however, lasted only an instant. A fair vision in azure silk and snowy tulle came towards me. It was Clare.

"'Joe,' she said, reproachfully, 'why didn't you come earlier? but we'll make up for it. There's a set just forming, come.' She smiled and shook her golden curls. 'It's perfectly proper for me to ask you. This is leap year, you know.'

"I groaned in spirit, and hung back, but Clare put her dainty little hand on my arm, and I was obliged to take my place as her partner in the set nearest us. I danced frantically—somewhat after the manner of a bear on hot iron, I suppose. The damage I did can not be estimated. I distinctly remember *chassezing* across Clare's elaborate train several times, besides irreparably ruining the gossamer-like robes of two or three other ladies.

"'*Ete* be careful, Joe,' said Clare, a little tartly.

"'It's my belief that he is intoxicated,' whispered Mrs. Burton, rather loudly.

"This was too much. My wits were fast deserting me. Confused by anger and pain, I stumbled over the foot of my *vis a vis*, and fell to the floor. Happily, my partner was not involved in my downfall. I picked myself up as soon as possible, and limped from the room, not without hearing some very uncomplimentary remarks.

"I hope I may never again experience the emotions I felt on my way home. Had I committed murder, I could not have felt worse. You look amused, but 'twas death to me, as the frog said.

"Having reached my aunt's house, I found the door closed and locked. While waiting for somebody to let me in, I sat down in the front garden, and tugged at the confounded boots—I could endure the pain no longer. After a hard struggle the right one came off, but the other stuck fast. I lay on my back in the snow, with my feet in the air, and kicked. I was determined to conquer or die in the attempt. After a tremendous kick it flew off suddenly, just as my aunt's old servant, Susan, came to the door. It whizzed through the air, and hit that grim damsel a blow on the head. I started to my feet and followed Susan, who ran screaming into the house. I still held my right boot, and when I reached my room I flung the ex-operating object from the window with all my strength, forgetting in my wrath that it bore my name in full.

"Well, the next morning was a black one in my life. I went down to breakfast, and found myself alone. I waited, but my aunt did not make her appearance. Susan came in, looking more repellant than usual, and wearing a bandage around her head. She gave me a note from my aunt. It was short.

"'Nephew Joseph,' it ran, 'you were drunk last night. Don't add a lie to your other sins by denying that fact. Susan found you prostrate in the garden, and she now bears the marks of your ill-treatment. I shall alter my will. Don't attempt to see me. Leave my house within three days.

"'Yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

"'AUNT TABITHA.'

"I had scarcely recovered from the effects of this epistle when Susan brought another. It was from Mrs. Burton. How my heart sunk as I read it:

"'Mr. Joseph Blank—I cannot *considerately* entrust my beloved daughter to the keeping of a man who indulges *immoderately* in *inebriating* beverages. You will please consider your engagement to Miss Clare Burton as *no longer* existing. You need not trouble yourself about calling. Miss Clare Burton *returns* you *letters* and *gifts*.

"'Your ob't ser't,

"'SARAH ANN BURTON.'

"But this was not all. I heard the postman's knock, and Susan entered with a third note. It was from Mr. Briefly.

"'Joseph Blank—Sir—Circumstances, I regret to say, have arisen, which oblige me to no longer look on you in the light of a relation. Never presume to address me. Your own conscience and the enclosed paragraph, clipped from *The Daily Agitator* of this morning, will tell you the cause of my righteous indignation. I never dreamed that a Blank could prove *ungrateful* and *disgrace* his name as you have done.'

"I was reduced to a state of apathetic despair. No blow could injure me coming after Mrs. Burton's letter. I listlessly read the foregoing, and then turned to the printed slip—

"'Intemperance,' said the editor of the *The Daily Agitator*, 'is fearfully on the increase in our community. We write this with the deepest sorrow. It is only too true. We will give a recent example. Last night as we were preparing a portion of our copy for to-day's issue, a sudden crash put to flight a myriad of our glowing ideas. A boot, no doubt flung by some drunken revellor in the pay of our mendacious contemporary, the *Morning Flag*, flew into our sanctum, breaking in its passage a large decanter, the liquid (water) from which ruined our carpet. There was a name on this boot in our desire to further the interests of Truth, we give the name. It was that of Mr. Joseph Blank. This is his first offence. Let him beware. We forgive and forget. Our office boy has received orders to return the missile to its owner.'

"Well," continued Captain Joe, "three days after the Burton party I enlisted. Shortly afterwards my aunt died, omitting my name in her will. Mr. Briefly distributed his money during his life to various institutions; so my great expectations vanished."

"And Clare?" I asked.

"I have not seen her since that New Year's night. She married a rich old banker." The captain sighed, and remained silent until I said:

"Good-night. Much obliged for your story."

"Good-night, old fellow—*au plaisir de vous revoir*."

We shook hands, and parted.

I took a trip to the Old World, forgetting all about Captain Joe and his boots. I had been absent from home about a year when I found myself in London. One day in the Row I noticed a very fine-looking equestrian. He was mounted on a splendid animal. While I was enjoying the exhibition of his perfect horsemanship, he rode towards me.

"Why, old fellow, don't you know me?" he cried.

Surely the voice was familiar. It was Captain Joe! He was greatly improved in appearance, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the world. After some preliminary conversation, he said:

"I am a Benedick now, and Clare is my wife after all. Those boots brought it about. You see Clare's husband died a short time after her marriage to him, and left her all his money. Well, you know, when I was poor and lived in the 'rat holes,' most of my former friends found it convenient to forget me. The Molines, however, didn't. Not long after your last visit, I received an invitation to an 'evening' at the Molines. I went, wearing the identical boots. They were large enough; for when I was in the army a brother officer had borrowed them every time he went to see his sweetheart (which was pretty often), so they were stretched a good deal. The Moline affair was rather dull. I stole into the conservatory, and ensconsing myself behind a screen of tall shrubs, prepared to see all that was going on, without being seen myself.

"Two ladies entered. I could not see their faces, but I heard one whisper:

"'There's something behind the camellias. His feet are sticking out.'

"'Ah,' returned the other, sighing, 'I thought there was only one man in the world who could wear boots of that size—such small feet as he had.'

"'It was your lover, Joe Blank, I presume. I think you mentioned it before. Don't talk so loudly. Did you really like him?'

"'Yes—but mamma broke off the engagement without consulting me. Those boots reminded me of him—that's all.'

"The words thrilled through me. It was Clare who spoke!

"'Boots are rather unromantic things to get into a love story,' laughed her companion. 'They all seem alike to me.'

"I rushed from my ambush. The ladies screamed. Clare and I got up quite a sentimental scene. Everything was explained, and we are now on our wedding tour. I'm the happiest being alive! There goes Clare, attended by Sir Walter Wilton," he continued, nodding violently to a very pretty young woman who was approaching us.

Captain Joe's friend doesn't want to seem ill natured; but it's his private opinion that Clare very well knew who was behind the camellias.

TEMPTED, BUT TRUE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sat beside her baby's cradle, and rocked it softly to and fro, with a shadow on her face and a shadow on her heart.

She was a woman whose years had not numbered twenty-five. For four years she had been a wife, and for two a mother.

To-night, as she sat there in the gathering twilight, rocking her child to sleep, she was thinking of her life.

She had married a man almost as old as her father—a man whose hair was tinged with gray. Not because she loved him as most women love the men they marry, but because her father urged her to do so. It was for his interest that his daughter should become the wife of Hugh McLeod, who had vast wealth at his command, and the Van Arsden estate was one whose glory had waned years before.

Living in a state of almost complete isolation from society, it is not to be wondered at that Alice Van Arsden felt a sort of gratitude for the wooer with gray hair, who came to break up the monotony of the life which was so uneventful and dull. She knew no one of her age; the world was to her a sealed book. She had never opened its pages.

So, when Hugh McLeod asked her hand in marriage, she did not hesitate long in making her decision.

The world outside the hills was something which held all the fascination of an utter mystery to her, and, as Hugh McLeod's wife, she could go out into it, and mingle in scenes which seemed, to her untrained vision, a part of enchantment. To her the life which this marriage would give her was little less than life in an enchanted land.

And then—her father wished it!

That would have been sufficient to make her decision what it was, if she had had no other interest in the matter. She had always been guided by her father's wishes. He had been very kind to her, and was almost her only friend, for her mother had been dead for years and years.

Taking her previous life into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that she did not think very seriously upon the step she was taking. Life, hitherto, had held no issues which demanded serious thought. In marrying Hugh McLeod she did not think of what coming years might bring, but of the change which the marriage would bring into her life. She was restless and uneasy under the monotony of the years which held so much sameness in them.

They were married. The first years of her married life were very happy ones. No husband could be kinder or more thoughtful of her happiness than her husband was. He loved her, in a quiet, undemonstrative way, and anything that he could do for her to gratify her wishes was done gladly. He placed his wealth at her command. He gave her everything money could buy.

And, in those years, she opened the pages of life and read something of the world. She saw its gold and glitter—she saw its struggles and defeats.

Then a baby came to them. A child with blue eyes, like its father's, and yellow hair like her's—a fair-faced, beautiful child, which stirred the depths of mother-love in her bosom, and so used the fairest child in all the world to her.

Why it was, I cannot say, but after the baby's birth a strange restlessness seized her. A vague yearning after something which had never come into her life.

She tried to analyze the sensation, but it baffled her. It was something unlike anything she had ever felt before. It seemed as if she was alone in the world, and the things she cared for were afar off, and beyond her grasp. At such times, when the wild unrest came upon her, she would clasp her baby to her bosom and hold it close, as though she feared to lose it. When she saw its father kiss its dimpled face, and give it tender caresses, it seemed to her that it no longer belonged to her. It was his. She had no right to it. He never kissed her in that way. He never made any demonstration of his love in the thousand little nameless caresses which a woman values so. Sometimes she doubted if he loved her. The insight she had gained into life had given her more knowledge, if it had not brought her wisdom. If he loved her, why couldn't she show it as he showed his love for the baby? A kiss, or a tender word would have quieted the unrestful feeling at her heart. Many times, when she was silent and troubled seemingly cold and abstracted, a word would have drawn her to his bosom, and the arms of her husband about her would have kept the shadow away. But the word never came.

By-and-by Basil Forest crossed her path of life, and for a time their ways led on together.

He was a man of strange contradictions. A curious mixture of good and bad, with the good kept dormant, to a great extent, and the bad predominating. His handsome face, and easy, cultivated manners won him a position in refined society. In our best society it is not necessary to have the best of morals in order to secure a place. Morality is a secondary consideration. If it had been first, Forest would never have gained admission to the circle.

He had a selfish nature, and at the same time a nature which was capable of feeling for others. When he first met Alice McLeod, and saw her, a woman in the flush of youth and beauty, the wife of a man whose hair was full of frost, he felt a kind of pity for her, and that pity soon grew into love. Let me do the man justice, and say that I think he really loved her, as well as he was capable of loving any one. He loved himself best of all. After himself, he cared for her as he had never cared for any one else. He had a touch of romance in his nature, and the circumstances which surrounded them made the affair vastly more interesting to him than it would otherwise have been.

Following out his selfish propensities, and acting on his flexible code of morals, he wanted this woman all to himself, and he did not hesitate to tell her so.

His strong and impassioned words of love coming to her in the most unrestful period of her life, blinded her to duty and her sense of honor. She knew, then, that it was love she had been yearning for. Love was what her heart demanded. It seemed to her that she must have it. With his voice ringing in her ears, and his eyes looking in hers with a glance full of subtle, mesmeric influence, she thought she loved him. If she did not, and in the excitement of the time she was hardly sure of anything she could listen to his words and believe them, and feel that some one loved *her*. And it was strangely sweet to think that.

She had wandered far from the path of duty. Blindly, recklessly, putting the thought of the future entirely away. She would not think of what might be. The future might take care of itself. She lived in the present.

But to-night, as she sat there in the twilight's soft glimmer, and watched the stars come out in the blue overhead, and rocked her baby, she *had* to think of the future.

That day Basil Forest had urged her to fly with him. In some other land they could be happy together. He told her that she was wasting the best years of her life; she must choose between a life with love to beautify it, and a life without love. Either path stretched away before her feet. She was free to tread the one her heart chose.

But to-night, as she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking until she was almost dizzy, she felt that she was *not* free to choose as her heart dictated. Duty was before her. Life with him had a strange fascination for her, but it was a life full of sinfulness and evil. She knew that.

But he loved her! And it was so sweet to think that she was loved. How could she go on and on—God only knew how long—in this loveless life which duty pointed out to her as the one she should choose?

She thought of her husband. He had been kind, very kind to her. She could never expect more unselfish indulgence of her wants and wishes from any man.

She had no fault to find with him, only he was so quiet, so reserved, and she fancied he did not love her. No fault, I said. After all, what greater fault could a man have in a woman's eyes than that he did not love her?

So the battle went on in her bosom, the conflict between right and wrong. They were pretty equally matched antagonists. Sometimes one wavered, and then the other.

Meanwhile, Basil Forest waited for a reply. Would it be yes or no? He fancied it would be yes. He had but few compunctions regarding the part he was taking in the matter. It was not in his nature for him to trouble himself much about it. It was none of the world's business; even if it was, he cared nothing for what the world would say. He cared a great deal more for himself than for other people's opinions.

Should she, or should she not?

Over and over she asked herself the question.

The daylight faded out into darkness and the moon came up the sky, pure white and radiant. And still she sat there thinking, thinking!

The baby in the cradle stirred and woke.

He lifted his chubby hands, and the little voice piped "mamma, mamma!"

"God help me! I will be true to my honor, and to duty!" she cried, catching her baby to her breast, and raining kisses on its face and yellow hair. She heard her husband's step upon the stair.

She got up, white and dizzy, with her baby in her arms, and met him at the door.

"Save me!" she cried; "and love me a little!"

And then she sank down at his feet, and unconsciousness came to her.

When she drifted back to sensibility he was holding her to his arms, and she felt his kisses on her face, and heard him calling her name in low and loving accents.

She could not be mistaken; he loved her, after all, and a newer, fuller sense of rest came to her than she had ever felt before.

Lying on his bosom, with his arms about her, she told him all, keeping nothing back. Her face burned with shame, and she loathed herself as she made her confession.

"And you thought I did not love you?" he said softly. "I do love you, darling. Sometimes the fear has haunted me that you did not care for me as you might if I were younger. Perhaps that made me seem cold and reserved. Don't doubt my love, dear. It is deep and strong, and lasting. From to-night we will begin a new life, and if love can make you happy, you need not ask for it in vain."

The other night I heard Alice sing

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter, would be sin."

I knew some memory of the past came to her by the look which came into her face, but it faded out like a fluttering shadow in the sunshine of her quiet, happy life.

To her it is something pleasant to be "an old man's darling."

☞ A California newspaper prints the following touching obituary: "Philip Hanscomb was driving a team loaded with powder up the Sierra Nevada Mountains. One of the kegs dropped from the wagon. The Sierras stood it well enough, but the miners who came from a neighboring ranche were unable to find Mr Hanscomb or the team."

☞ The Shah of Persia intends visiting England shortly. It may not be generally known that one of our mildest modes of swearing originated in the custom among the Persians, of addressing in token of veneration, their ruler as "O Shah!"

☞ An exchange says: "Chew land has invented a patent bug buster, worked with an air pump. All the apertures in a room are stopped but one, at which the deadly bug buster is placed. By exhausting the receiver a current of air is produced strong enough to draw all the vermin out of the room, through the air pump into the hopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform, and stabbed in the back with a pitchfork."

☞ Square-cut bodices have been abolished at the British Court, the Lord Chamberlain having notified all concerned that ladies wearing such dresses will not be admitted to Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms.

Clap-trap and Cant.—Invalid reader, if you are unwise enough to put yourself outside of any of the *most* foods guaranteed to contain "no diffusive stimulant," you will inevitably come to grief. Ask your physician if any liquor preparation, destitute of stimulating properties, is worthy of the name of a tonic. He will tell you no. Shun all such nauseous catchpennies. PLANTATION BITTERS, the most wholesome invigorant in the world, owes the rapidity with which it relieves the disordered stomach and the shattered nerves to the diffusive agent which conveys its medicinal ingredients to the seat of the complaint. That agent is the spirit of the sugar cane, the most nutritious and agreeable of all the varieties of alcohol. The medicinal ingredients of the Bitters, valuable as they are, would be comparatively useless without this distributive basis. They would ferment and sour. Beware, as you hope for health, of the horrible compounds of refuse drugs in a state of fermentation which humbugs are endeavoring to foist upon the public as medicines.

☞ A correspondent writing from Salt Lake City, states that there is observable a marked difference in the dress of the Mormon and Gentile ladies. The former are plainly and even poorly dressed, but neatly and in good taste, while their Gentile sisters are resplendent with flashing jewels and gorgeous colors, and other tokens of true feminine vulgarity.

Don't hawk, hawk, spit, spit, blow, blow, and disgust everybody with your Catarrh, and its offensive odor, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will speedily destroy all odor, arrest the discharge, and cure you. 32*.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to a single subscribers from $3.00 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Journey," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarrita Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) Illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being* in Decor, Engravings, and *Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to our order.

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Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

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Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

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Midsummer Maladies.

The hot solar rays that ripen the harvests generate many distressing diseases. If the liver be at all predisposed to irregularities, this is the season in which bilious attacks may be anticipated. A weak stomach too, is weakest in the summer months, and the loss of vitality through the pores by excessive perspiration is so great, that a wholesome tonic, combining also the properties of a diffusive stimulant and gentle exhilarant, is in many cases necessary to health, and under no circumstances should be dispensed with by the sickly and debilitated. Of all the preparations intended thus to refresh, sustain, and fortify the human frame, there is none that will compare with Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters. They have been weighed in the balance of experience and not found wanting; have been recommended from the first as a great medicinal specific, not as a beverage, and in spite of interested opposition from innumerable quarters, stand, after a twenty years trial, at the head of all proprietary medicines intended for the prevention and cure of all ordinary complaints of the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the nerves. In the unhealthy districts bordering the great rivers of California, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be classed as the standard cure for every species of intermittent or remittent fever. The people who inhabit those districts, place the most implicit confidence in the preparation—a confidence that is increased every year by the results of its operation.

As Bitters, so called, of the most pernicious character, are springing up like fungi on every side, the public is hereby forewarned against the dram-shop fraude. Ask for Hostetter's Bitters, see that the label, etc., are correct, and remember that the genuine article is never sold in bulk, but in bottles only. 19-1m

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

STAND FIRM.

No tendency of the present age of shame is more marked than the growing neglect of thoroughness in work. With the majority of people now-a-days, the young especially, the endeavor is not how well they can perform any task, but how quickly they can get through it in such a way that it will pass muster. Their aim is not conscientiously to fulfil their whole duty in whatever position they may be called to occupy, but to shirk it as far as may be possible without incurring any immediate penalty for neglect. Present ease is their whole and sole object. They lose sight altogether of the future. They forget that in nature there is a law of compensation, governing all conditions from the highest to the lowest, which sooner or later will make itself felt. In their blind hurry they do not perceive the wrecks that strew the road over which they are passing, and in which did they but pause to study, they would find eloquent warnings against such mad heedlessness as they are guilty of. They would see how thousands, starting out in life with the fairest prospects, have, for the sake of a little present ease, bartered their future welfare. They would see how one task after another was slighted, until at last the test came which the imperfect nature of their work would not bear, and ruin was the consequence. Examples abound in schools, and in every one of the occupations of more advanced youth and manhood. The scholar through half-hearted study is unable to pass his examination; the employee through careless workmanship fails to satisfy his employer, and is turned adrift on the world without reputation; and the employer, for want of earnest, conscientious devotion to his business fails to retain his customers. The day may be long delayed, owing to one fortunate circumstance and another; but the time when the sham is exposed will surely come, and the inefficient laborer will repent too late his folly.

But such half-hearted work is not only a folly, but a crime. It is dishonest. If a child at school does not study faithfully, it is robbing its parents of part of the money they are expending upon its education, besides basely abusing their confidence. So an employee who does not give his employer what that employer bargains for—his best services—robs him as distinctly as though he knocked him down in the street and stole the amount of his salary. So a business man who does not fulfill in the spirit, as well as the letter, his contract, written or implied, with his customer, robs him.

As foolish to ourselves and criminal toward others, let us therefore strive against all temptations to shirk work. Remembering the old saying, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," let us bend all our energies to the accomplishment of whatever task we find to perform. For honest work the reward is as certain as is the penalty for dishonest faltering with duty. No strong earnest effort ever failed of at least measurable success, while the most brilliant, solid and enduring triumphs have for their chief foundation the constantly thorough work of their architects. But more highly to be prized than mere worldly prosperity, desirable as that is to all of us, is the proud satisfaction resulting from a sense of honestly performed duty. This is a pleasure beside which the temporary gratification of the slipshod worker sinks into utter insignificance. It is so keen and satisfying that none who have once tasted it in its fullness will ever permit themselves to risk its loss. It arises not so much from the perfection of the work done, for all our work is imperfect, and that of some necessarily more so than that of others, but from the earnestness of the effort to do it well. It cannot be taken from us by any misfortune, but, on the contrary, is the surest sustainer, provided by God, to bear us up against all adversity. Let each of us resolve that it shall be ours.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

With the first summer heats there is a grand rush from town. Out-going trains and steamers are laden with citizens too delicate, as they think, to endure midsummer at home. Many prefer a European trip, as being cheaper than even a few weeks at a fashionable watering-place in our own country; but thousands leave comfortable city homes to swelter in the small close rooms of crowded hotels, and all for dear fashion's sake. Now nobody doubts that change of scene and society is welcome to a certain extent; and an insight into the manners and mysteries of a stylish summer resort may be very well worth while. But to sacrifice health and comfort for successive seasons in pursuit of the frivolities which many engage in at some gay resorts is a serious evil. We would not by any means intimate that *all* who go to frequented watering places are harmed thereby; many obtain real pleasure and benefit. But when life is made up of dressing and dancing, accompanied by late hours and high living, it requires no special penetration to perceive that neither body nor mind is properly rested or refreshed. The healthy may endure such life awhile; for the delicate it is little short of suicide. The laborious and extravagant style and change of dress which many deem incumbent at our summer resorts are serious drawbacks to comfort, independent of the useless expenditure of money thus involved. Why cannot the women of America be guided in these matters by good sense and good taste? Let them feel free to go to such country places as will be most conducive to the health and comfort of themselves and their children, in spite of what "*they say*." Let them feel free to dress in accordance with their own good taste and judgment. Let them, if so it seems best, remain in their own airy house, where plenty of room, water, gas, and a thousand conveniences give comfort unknown in hotels and boarding-houses. In any event, let all true women use their influence to make good sound common sense stand above, and properly check, all unreasonable and exacting demands of mere fashion.

☞ "In the absence of globes, how do you illustrate the shape of the earth to your scholars?" asked a committee of a school teacher. "I shows 'em my head," was the reply.

CECILE'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Under the elm-tree, hand in hand,
Listening to the words he speaks,
Sweet Cecile with her lover stands;
Brightly blushing his bronzed cheeks,
And mavis's notes come trembling down
And down from the elm-tree's crown.

Never was maiden so lovely fair,
As she in the gloaming's golden glow,
Taking his kisses upon her hair,
Listening his wootings whispered low,
The while the mavis's roundelay
Grows fainter and fainter and dies away.

'Tis in the time of ripe wheat,
'Tis in the June-time, beauteous, bright,
Love, like the season, is new and sweet,
And over it lingers the gloaming's light
As though a blessing it fain would press
On the face upturned in its loveliness.

O, Cecile! love that is true is still
A ray here lighting the clouds of life;
And I wish its heavenly arch might glow
Over you when a trusting wife.
But comes the time of the winter chill,
When the mavis's song is still.

Under the elm-trees in the Fall
All alone is Cecile dreaming.
Wist if she hears the mavis's call
Piercing through the death-like seeming.
Sometime above are the pleasant plains
Where now she lists in peaceful grace.

One above her slumbrous rest
Dashes away the tears that glisten
On wet lashes; she loved him best!
If he called her would she listen?
"Cecile, speak to the heart that loves you,
Speak! or it yearns and breaks above you!"

Softly the wind sighs over the hill,
Filled with silence the shining air,
Wafting of wings athwart the still,
Like as a spirit hovered there,
And mavis's notes come trembling down
And down from the elm-tree's crown.

"LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out," is a proverb I am not prepared to dispute. Indeed, I grow to believe in it more and more. There is one class of people in this world that assist me in this belief. A class composed of people who ostensibly have no object, no mission on earth save to make themselves unhappy and miserable, and other people uncomfortable—I mean those people who set their faces against progress, and cry down new inventions, and hurl missiles of spite, envy, malice, and, when they dare, slander, at any one of their friends, neighbors or acquaintances, who dares step out of the beaten path that the feet of the mass have trodden for centuries, and pursue the broader highway of literature, science, or art.

It is amusing, as well as aggravating, to see the different forms their envy, and malice will assume, the different "dodges" they will resort to, in endeavoring to hinder the progress of—let us say some young lady—one of their neighbors who has chosen literature as a profession instead of some more humble calling.

The young lady perhaps possesses a poetical talent, which she first cultivates for pleasure and recreation. When her verses appear in the local journals, especially if some complimentary notice from the editor accompanies them, woe be unto that young lady!

Mrs. A——, (who has quite possibly a dough-headed daughter who says "I seen," and "I knowed," like her illustrious parents,) begins with: "Have you seen them verses in this week's paper? La, won't she feel stuck up? I think they are real silly! The editor praises 'em, too; but I'll bet he was just making fun behind her back."

The weeks go on, and more verses appear in several journals. Then Mrs B—— wakes up to the necessity of saying something disagreeable:

"If I was in that girl's mother's place, I'd teach my girl to do something more *useful* in life than scribble silly verses. She is just *spoiling* her for any useful occupation, letting her do so. I think it is a perfect shame. She had better be working out, or teaching school."

But the weeks go by, and the young lady still writes, and not only receives *compliments*, but *money*, for her poems and stories.

This arouses Mrs. C—— and Mr. C——, and when some poor, well-meaning, but unfortunate stranger, remarks to them that their young neighbor is making herself quite a name in the world, they bristle, and retort with a spirit and manner that is enough to awake the strangers suspicions:

"She? oh lawks! *she* don't write them things! Her *folks* write them for her, and then give her the credit." And then the stranger goes away thinking how *odd* that the young lady's parents never discovered their poetical and literary talent until their daughter grew up, and then they became aware of its existence, but out of modesty gave her the credit of their productions. He really can't see through it, but of course such near neighbors as the C——'s *must know!*

Time goes on, and the young lady persists in writing, and gets more money and more fame; and she goes away from home, and—to the horror of the C——'s writes articles which are published during her absence, thus knocking all their arguments of "home help in the head." Then Mr. D—— concludes that the thing has gone too far, and he really ought to put down that impudent young thing, who is succeeding altogether too well for the peace of his mind.

"Really," he remarks to some friend of the young lady, "that girl is making quite a name! Strange, too, that people will be imposed upon so. She is only an imitator—a plagiarist? She borrows her ideas from Byron!" And he concludes his remark with a triumphant nod of the head, as much as to say, "I have paid her for her impudence now."

But his self-satisfaction is somewhat lessened if the friend responds, "Really you must be very ignorant of Byron's works to think that. There is not one point of similarity—they do not even touch upon the same subjects, and there is not one line of her poems that you can prove to me is like a line of his."

Mr. D has proved himself an ignoramus, and that is all he *can* prove. And still the young lady goes on the even tenor of her way rejoicing, minding her own business, writing more and succeeding better every month, as people who mind their own business and keep to work *always* do, and at length Mrs and Mr. A, B, C and Dare obliged to change their tune in a measure, and are glad to say to strangers, "Oh! *we* know her, she is one of *our* friends."

But still among themselves they will snap and snarl and bark a little, with such remarks as, "I think lots she writes is real silly," and "I don't see what makes the editors praise her pieces so, they ain't good at all," &c., &c. But I suppose when Adam and Eve lived in the garden of Eden their little snarling poodle used to bark at the moon. And still the moon shines serenely on, and still the puppies bark.

I use the young lady merely as an example. It may be a young man who is an artist, or a young girl who is a remarkable scholar, or a young scion of law—but whoever it is, or whatever the path that is chosen if *success* follows, the A's, B's, C's and D's are always on hand to cast their missiles of spite, to bark, and snap, and bite. They are everywhere, and in all places; and when the successful one has climbed up beyond the reach of their billets of envy *then* they are ever ready to fawn around and seek favor.

I am not ready to fly in the face of Providence, and say that these people have no mission on earth, for of course Providence arranges all for the best; but as I remarked in the beginning, "Its ways are past finding out."

The Cottage at the Foot of the Hill.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BREMER.

A young girl came to the window of the cottage that stood at the foot of the hill, and sweeping aside the clustering vines, gazed long at the glowing west. There was a soft expression on the beautiful face and soulful eyes, as if their owner penetrated farther than the ken of ordinary mortals. She looked now as if she might see the walls of the Eternal City, and the golden gates ajar. Lilly Leighton had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow. The cup of which, sooner or later, we must all drink—the law is immutable.

Down by a little brun, that wimpled through the dell, along whose banks the bracken grew thick beneath the shade of a weeping willow, reposed all that was mortal of Lilian's mother. The violet had bloomed and faded for many summers over her grave. And Lilian would tell you that no where else did the birds sing as sweet, or the flowers bloom so fair, as they did in that little dell.

Lilian's grief for her mother had grown to be a sad sweet memory; but lately a more grievous sorrow had come to her—the one to whom she was betrothed—blue-eyed Stanly Morton, had sailed away, never to return. The good ship was wrecked, and all on board, save a few, perished. Stanly Morton was among the missing. For a long time Lilian stood at the western window, with the far-away look in the dreamy eyes, thinking of the lover whose brown curls lay tangled in seaweed and coral, and over whose form the Paris of Ocean warbled a sad requiem.

She was roused from her reverie by the voice of her father, calling her from the next room.

"I am coming," she said, and disappeared from the window.

"Lilly, my daughter," the old man said, when she had come and stood obediently by his chair, "you are losing your roses, child," touching the clear pale cheek, and looking at her fondly; for she was his only darling, his one ewe lamb—he knew what had whitened her cheek and brought the sad, wistful look to the brown eyes, and it troubled him sorely to see his little flower drooping. "You must not stay in the house so close, my child," he continued, "get your hat and take a walk. It is a beautiful evening—and it will do you good."

Lilian stooped and left a kiss on his wrinkled brow, and went to do his bidding. It was a lovely evening. The sun was just sinking in a sea of azure and gold, and lighting up hilltop and valley with a soft rosy light. Lilian took the path through the forest, leading to her favorite retreat. Autumn leaves, gold, russet, and brown, lay thick upon the ground and rustled beneath the tread. The blood-red berries of the briar-rose gleamed here and there in the wood, like great rubies, and the air was fragrant with the sweet wood scents. Now and then a crimson maple leaf would quiver in the air and fall in the path like a great drop of blood. A bright-eyed squirrel scampered up a tree, where he viewed the intruder at a safe distance. Lilian was too insensible to the beauties of the scene. She felt such an exhilaration of spirit as she had not felt for a long time. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed, when she had at last stopped and seated herself on a mossy stone—a favorite seat, close by the little stream and in sight of the weeping willow. "How beautiful," she repeated, as she gazed about her, and inhaled deep draughts of the delicious, health-giving air. Just then a gust of wind shook the branches above her, and sent a shower of the gorgeous-tinted leaves about her. Some of them lodged in her lap, and she took them up and commenced weaving a wreath of them. The wreath finished, she sat looking idly in the water that rippled musically at her feet—watching the little fishes as they disported through its pellucid depths, now and then dislodging a pebble with her dainty foot, and watching it plash in the water below, sending up bright drops that gleamed like pearls as they caught the last rays of the setting sun.

The birds in the branches above her were trilling their last good-nights to each other when Lilian arose to return. "Papa will be uneasy about me if I stay longer," she thought, hurrying along. It was growing dusk, and the trees cast sombre shadows across the path, but she was not afraid—besides she was only a short distance from home. But hark! was not that a footstep? Surely some one was coming along the path toward her. Half frightened, and wondering who it could be. She paused and peering through the shadows saw a gentleman hurrying towards her. Surely there was something familiar in that strong elastic tread. It looked like Stanly Morton, but *he* was sleeping beneath the waters of the broad Atlantic—it might be his spirit—he was in full view now, and—could the sea give up its dead—it was Stanly Morton.

"Lilian, my own Lilian," he cried, "don't you know me?" but there was no answer, for at the first mention of her name Lilian had fallen at his feet.

Stooping, he gathered the slight form in his arms—calling her by every endearing name known to the vocabulary of lovers, and succeeding her only to look at him. His voice would have brought her back from the realms of death itself. The brown eyes slowly opened.

"Stanly is it indeed you, or am I dreaming? I thought you were dead," and one little white hand fluttered up to his bearded face as if to make sure that it was no ghost that clasped her so passionately.

"It is no dream my little Fleur de lis. I am really Stanly Morton in the flesh, it is no 'spirit speaking unto thee.' Are you glad that the sea was generous and gave me back to you, little one?"

Lilian did not answer, but in the gathering dusk he could see the loving light in the starry eyes, and was satisfied.

"Come, Stanly," Lilian said at last, "let us return to the cottage, and then you must tell us of your rescue."

Their happiness was too great for words, and a tender quiet fell upon them as they walked along the forest path. A young moon hung like a silver crescent just above the tree tops, and a few "sentinal stars" had "set their watch in the sky" when they reached the vine-wreathed cottage, where Lilian's father awaited them. Morton had seen Mr. Leighton before he went to look for the daughter.

"I found the truant, sir," Stanly said, "wandering like a wood nymph in the forest. I wonder Pan or some of his Satyrs did not carry her off."

Lilian blushed and laughed, a low, musical laugh, that did her father's heart good, it had been so long since he heard it.

"I think one of them did," he said to Stanly.

When they were seated in the pleasant little parlor, Morton told his story.

"Just before the 'Sea Bird' went down, we took to the boats; the one which I was in had but a scant supply of provisions and water. Our only hope was in being discovered soon and picked up by some vessel, a hope that as the days went by seemed never to be realized. Our provisions were all gone by the sixth day, and but a few drops of water left in the cask. It was evident that if not rescued soon we must all perish. We were dying of hunger and thirst. One poor fellow, in the madness of extreme thirst, threw himself overboard; but I will not sicken you with further details of our suffering. Suffice it to say we were picked up at last by the crew of a vessel bound to the West Indies. The shock and exposure brought on a fever, from which I did not fully recover till we arrived in port. Then I took the first homeward bound vessel, and arrived at New York only three days ago. So you see, Lilly, with what expedition I have travelled. I verily believe," stooping to whisper in her ear, for she was sitting on a low seat at his feet, "that the little blind god lent me his wings for the occasion."

Stanly and Lilian are married now, and live with Mr. Leighton in the little cottage at the foot of the hill.

GOOD-BYE.

Kiss me, and say good-bye.
Good-bye, there is no word to say but this,
Nor may lips left for my lips to kiss,
Nor any tears to shed when these tears dry.
Kiss me and say good-bye.

Farewell, be glad, forget.
There is no need to say "forget," I know,
For youth is youth and time will have it so;
And, though your lips are pale and your eyes wet,
Farewell, you must forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves,
Many and heavy, and with blossoms twined,
Of memories that go not out of mind.
Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves
When you bring home your sheaves.

THE COQUETTE FOILED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LETTICE THORPE.

They came to Beardstown the same season, Helen Weston and Lilly Barnes, two young ladies from the city, one to visit a friend, and the other to board awhile in the country for rest and fresh air. The former a fine, dignified looking girl, with soft eyes and winning smile, and Miss Barnes a bewitching blonde, with wheedling ways and purring manners. She was an incorrigible coquette, and before she had been three weeks in Beardstown "the lads had a' gane daft about her." There was one amongst them, however, who seemed a much harder subject to work upon than the others. Besides, he showed a decided preference for the more retiring Helen, an unpardonable offence in the beauty's eyes, who had looked upon that presuming young woman as a probable rival from the first moment of her appearance in the place. And Edward Temple was certainly the most desirable gallant that she had met, handsome, genial and well-mannered, having seen a good deal of the world, and understanding very well how to make himself agreeable. Then, too, he was a lawyer, with a fine practice, and would not be such a bad match if her city beaux all failed her—so she was bent upon supplanting Helen, who she knew very well was too proud to enter into any such contest with her, and therefore she imagined the task an easy one. For where was the man that could long resist attractions like hers? At first she attempted a great intimacy with her rival, but finding that altogether impossible, she pretended to have taken a violent fancy to the lady with whom Helen boarded, who being a very weak, although kind-hearted woman, was extremely flattered by this openly-avowed preference, and encouraged the coquette's visits with her whole heart, much to the annoyance of her boarder, who disliked Miss Barnes most cordially.

But in this way the last young lady learned quite accurately how often Mr. Temple called, and whatever other attentions he paid to Helen. Having seen him pass one night with a bouquet of very beautiful flowers in his hand, she suspected at once that he was on his way to visit Miss Weston. She immediately ran up to her room, and with a dangerous gleam in the eyes that usually expressed such bewitching innocence, she changed her dress for a more becoming one of rose-pink, and throwing a white lace shawl over her golden curls, surveyed herself in the glass. She certainly looked very lovely, and with a thorough appreciation of the fact she started in the same direction as that which the gentleman had taken, and after he and Helen had enjoyed perhaps half an hour's quiet conversation, they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Miss Barnes, looking indeed like some exquisite picture as she stood in the door-way with her fairy-like drapery floating around her, clearly revealed by the brilliant light of the room.

"O, excuse me!" she said. "Where is dear Mrs. Hodges?"

"Won't you come in and sit down?" Helen asked very politely, although at the same time she wished her in Asia or Africa, with her false smile and assumed childish innocence.

"Shall I not intrude?" she asked, looking up into Mr. Temple's face with a sweet, deprecating glance; then seeing the flowers in Helen's hand, she exclaimed: "O, what beautiful flowers! There is nothing in this world I have such a passion for. Won't you give me just one—only one?"

It was very awkward for Helen. She did not like to refuse, neither did she want to spoil the bouquet, arranged with so much taste by the donor himself. Hesitating a moment, she answered coldly:

"If Mr Temple will excuse my spoiling so soon his beautiful gift, I will spare you one."

"O, was it a present from Mr. Temple? Then do not touch it, I beg of you," she said, just after a lovely rose had been detached from the rest, and was offered for her acceptance. "How generous you are, Miss Weston, I should have been more selfish with Mr. Temple's offering. If it had been mine, I could not have parted with a single bud."

"Will you allow me to send you a bouquet, then, Miss Barnes?" he asked, flattered of course by so much enthusiasm in a fascinating woman, and beginning to think that Helen had received his gift a little coldly.

"O, I should be delighted beyond expression," was the gushing response, and Miss Weston felt very much like throwing her flowers out of the window.

In a few moments the little schemer rose from her seat, saying that she must go, and the gentleman of course felt obliged to offer his escort.

"But Miss Weston will not thank me for hurrying you away," she said.

"I am very sorry to hurry away from Miss Weston," he replied, "but you certainly cannot go home alone."

This was not very flattering, and she turned her head for a moment, to hide the anger which she knew her tell-tale eyes revealed; but when she glanced up into his face again, no one would have dreamed that anything like ill temper could ever disturb the sweet serenity of her heart.

"Oh," she said, "I wish that I could boast of being strong-minded, and not afraid to go alone in the dark; but I can't, even for Miss Weston's sake, for I am a terrible coward."

"Didn't you get frightened coming here?" inquired Helen, a little wickedly, it must be confessed.

"Oh, it was early then, you know," and so they left her, to seek the retirement of her own room, with a vague sense of depression and disappointment.

The next morning, bright and early, Miss Lilly came running in again, just when she knew Mrs. Hodges and Helen would be at breakfast, and the latter could not possibly escape her.

"Oh, Miss Weston," she exclaimed, "I hope you were not angry with me last night, for taking off your visitor. You should have been with us. We took the longest way home, and Mr. Temple was so lively and entertaining. I never saw him in such fine spirits. How gallant and complimentary he can be; don't you think so?"

"He is a very pleasant gentleman," was the cool reply.

"I began to fear that we should never reach Mr Spencer's, my polite escort loitered so; and then he stayed at the gate so long that I took cold, standing in the night air. What a talker he is, when he is really interested." And after having succeeded in the object of her visit—that is, to make Helen feel very dejected and unhappy—she ran off again.

"She did hate it, I know," said the amiable beauty to herself, "notwithstanding all her lofty airs. She likes him as well as he does her; but she shall not have him, anyway."

And Helen, although she did not really believe one-half of Lilly's stories, still felt suspicious and uncomfortable, for tender and impressive as Edward Temple's manner towards her had been of late, still he had not yet breathed one word of love, and she knew that Miss Barnes was very fascinating, and very unscrupulous to accomplishing her own ends. And the next time she met him her manner, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, was constrained and chilling, and he, noticing the change at once, resented it accordingly. Although by no means unconscious of his own attractions, he was of an exceedingly sensitive disposition, and therefore quick to take offence. He had met her on the street and accompanied her home; but, instead of going into the house, according to his usual custom, he left her at the gate, with a cold bow, and as he turned away, muttered to himself some words, not at all complimentary, in regard to woman's caprice.

Their next meeting was at a large party, where a young man who had just got through his flirtation with Miss Barnes, coming out of it in only a slightly damaged condition, now offered his devotions at Helen's shrine; and she, to show Edward how utterly indifferent and careless she felt, smiled and coquetted with the gentleman, as if Lilly had been her model for the last six weeks, having a good cry about it, as soon as she found herself alone in her own room at night; and her indignant admirer, in his turn, slammed the books about in his office, and savagely reiterated—

"There is no such thing, after all, as a reliable woman."

This was all delicious to the fair mischief-maker.

"How pleased Miss Weston seems with Mr. Mosely," she said to Mr. Temple during the evening. "I should not suppose that style of gentlemen would please her, but I believe those dignified girls always prefer inferior men."

"Indeed!" he returned, quite fiercely. "You seem to have studied human nature very closely, for so artless a person."

The angry flash gleamed again in her eyes, but judiciously lowering the long lashes, she raised them with a reproachful look, saying:

"Have I offended you, Mr. Temple?"

Quite ashamed of himself, he colored up, and in a gentler tone, said—

"Excuse me, I was very rude."

"You are very cross to me sometimes," she replied. "I know that I am not sensible, like Miss Weston; but then she is so much older than I am, and she never lets her feelings run away with her."

"And do you?"

"There, now, you are getting cross again. I shall go away." But she did not go, and in a moment afterwards said, "Don't you think Miss Weston very cold?"

"I am not as keen an observer as you are, you know."

"Keen! Am I keen?" she asked, with the most innocent astonishment. "Why, I didn't suppose that I knew enough." And she looked so perfectly artless and childlike, that he was puzzled for a moment, and inclined to think that he had misunderstood her after all. She was so pretty, too, and beauty always inclines a man to be lenient in his judgment. So his manner became more gentle, and Lilly congratulated herself upon having made some advances that evening towards the accomplishment of her scheme. Helen, too, was deceived, and thought, "he never could have really cared for me, or he would not so soon have cast me aside for that artful girl." Bitterly she repented her foolish flirtation with young Mosely, for he was really very much interested now, and being somewhat obtuse in his perceptions, never noticed when his attentions became too particular to be agreeable, and it seemed to her that Mr. Temple always made his appearance just at the very time when she would have preferred him to be a long distance off. She was walking one day with Mr. Mosely, when the wind having suddenly become a good deal cooler, she stopped to throw around her shoulders the shawl she was carrying in her hand. Her companion took it from her, and with lover-like solicitude folded it closely around her figure. At this most inopportune moment, Edward made his appearance, coming rapidly towards them, and was of course a witness of it all. Helen's face turned scarlet, and with an air of studied politeness, he lifted his hat and passed by.

"How fierce Temple looked," said Mr. Mosely; "something must have gone wrong with him this morning. Perhaps Miss Barnes has thrown him over."

"I thought," replied Helen, "that she admired him exceedingly."

"Just as she admires every man, while the humor lasts. Just as soon as she feels sure of her conquest, she looks out for a new one."

"She is very fascinating."

"So Temple seems to think. We all supposed that *you* were the favorite," he said with exquisite tact and delicacy; "but perhaps you do not like lawyers."

"I like intelligent, gentlemanly men, whatever they may be," replied Helen, with unusual asperity, making him feel very much like a whipped school-boy, and he concluded that she was not quite as sweet-tempered as he had always imagined. While she, poor girl, found it very difficult after this to treat him with common courtesy. "If he would only offer himself," she thought, "and give me a chance to refuse him, then I would be relieved of all this annoyance;" but no, he was one of the moderate kind, and although very much in love, was in no hurry to say so. And, as at parties she often saw Edward and Miss Barnes talking together in quite an animated way, she concluded that the manœuvring girl had indeed, as Mr. Mosely insinuated, drawn him into her toils at last.

"O, Miss Weston," exclaimed this young lady, one morning, as she came flying into their little breakfast-room, "I received such a beautiful bouquet, yesterday, from Mr. Temple. You wouldn't be jealous, now, but really it far surpassed yours. Such japonicas and carnations I never saw, but then he knows I love them so. What made you treat him so coolly? Why he is perfectly delightful; so gallant and attentive. We all know, though, who the favored one is here"—and she smiled significantly.

"Indeed, you know more about it than I do, probably."

"Ah! now, Miss Weston, you need not pretend innocence."

"No," replied Helen, "I leave that for you, Miss Barnes. Innocence is not my forte, you know—"

"There, now, you are offended at what I said, and are getting sarcastic. I think it is so unkind, when you know that I cannot compete with you in that way—"

"No, I am aware that you are very artless—"

"Well, I am going away, and when I see Mr. Temple I shall tell him how you abused me." And the next time she met that gentleman, she made out a pretty, shadowy case of injured innocence, taking care to leave the impression upon his mind that Helen had been very ill-natured and abusive. But still, in spite of all her arts and wiles she could not flatter herself that she had gained much power over him. He called sometimes, and at parting was quite attentive, but she often found him observing her with a smile that was anything but credulous, and after awhile she began to hate him most heartily, although she would not abandon the attempt to subjugate him at last, or, at least, to make Helen think that she had done so.

One day the young people were all going to a picnic some distance from Beardstown, and it so happened that Helen, Lilly, Mr. Temple, and Mr. Mosely went together in one carriage. It was an awkward arrangement for all concerned, excepting Miss Barnes, who, radiant and beautiful, in a simple straw hat, with pink ribbons, managed to increase the discomfort of the others as much as possible.

Helen had never appeared to greater disadvantage, and, reserved and uncomfortable, she leaned back in the carriage; her face, usually so bright and sweet, looking almost sullen by the side of her animated companion.

"Oh," cried Lilly, as they were riding rapidly along, "what lovely flowers! How tempting they are!"

"Shall we stop and gather some?" Edward inquired.

"If you will be so kind, and," turning to Helen, "I know you think such things foolish, but I am a perfect child where flowers are concerned—I love everything in nature so dearly."

The carriage was stopped, and jumping out, Mr. Temple and Lilly gathered as many as their hands could hold—but after they were seated again, the former arranged a very pretty bouquet, and greatly to the astonishment and chagrin of his fair companion, handed it to Helen, saying, with a diffidence quite unusual to him—

"Will you accept this, Miss Weston?"

The quick flush and soft light in the eyes that were raised for a moment to his, caused his heart to throb with a pleasure that was only too plainly revealed—and if Lilly could have managed slyly to push Helen out of the carriage, she would have done it at that time with infinite relish and enjoyment. But very soon after this, not only Helen, but she herself, were tossed out, for the horses took fright, and Mr. Mosely, who held the reins, found them totally unmanageable, and in turning a corner their light wagon was overturned, throwing them all out in the most unceremonious manner.

"Oh, Mr. Temple," cried Lilly, affecting utter helplessness, "I do believe that I have sprained my ancle;" and she extended the pretty foot for his tender examination.

Mr. Mosely flew to Helen's aid, who declared herself quite unhurt, although a little dizzy.

"Well," he said, "Temple, if you will take care of these ladies, I will run after the horses, and see what has become of them and the pieces of the wagon."

"Mr. Temple," cried Lilly again, "if you will only help me over there to that little brook, I should like it so much."

He of course offered his arm, and assisted her to the place designated, and she was about to invent some new excuse to detain him beside her, when rising quickly, he said—

"I must go now to Miss Weston—I believe that she is hurt more than she will acknowledge."

"Always Miss Weston!" she exclaimed, angrily, wishing the next moment that she could have cut her tongue out before the hasty words had escaped her.

With an amused smile, he went back to Helen—and kneeling down beside her, in fair view of her angry rival, he encircled her drooping form with his arm, saying with anxious tenderness—

"You are hurt more than you will confess—is it not so?"

The young girl trembled sadly, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Tell me, darling," he whispered, drawing her still closer; "I love you, love you dearly, and those tears pierce my heart."

Raising her face, with the old sweet smile that had so charmed him, she said, archly,

"I think the wound is healed, now."

And when another carriage was procured, they all went home—Helen and her lover looking much the happiest of the party.

WHAT TO DO IN A CASE OF SUN-STROKE.

Now that the true nature of the disease is known, the method of treatment becomes most obvious, and we learn not merely what to do, but also what not to do. As heat is the cause of the symptoms, common sense points to the abstraction of the heat in some way as the mode of cure. And here again vivisection comes into play. I have taken an animal, comatose, paralyzed by heat, apparently dying, and plunged it into a bucket of cold water. The temperature of the sufferer at once rapidly fell until it reached the normal point, and just in proportion that of the water in the bucket rose. As the animal cooled, its respirations became more regular, the unsteady whirr of the heart was stilled, by and by the eyelids were lifted, and out from the glassy eye came the beams of new life. If the period of unconsciousness had been short, the animal was in a few hours apparently as well as ever; if long, the animal would recover sufficiently to recognize its surroundings and to struggle for release, but when allowed to escape, the paralyzed limbs and the slow, imperfect progression indicated the profound injury the nervous system had received, and in a few hours the animal would be dead.

The lessons of these experiments are too plain to be overlooked. Whatever is to be done in this disease must be done quickly. Clinical as well as experimental observation enforces this doctrine. There should in such cases be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent, that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man that falls unconscious on a hot day has sun-stroke. There is fortunately one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt-bosom, and lay the hand upon his chest: if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that, whatever may be the trouble, it is not sun-stroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sun-stroke, and no time should be lost. The patient must be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water be dashed over him until consciousness begins to return or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

☞ One Gen. E. M Lee has a lecture prepared on "Four Years in the Saddle with Sheridan and Kilpatrick." It seems to us that that saddle must have been very much crowded, and we do not see how they stood it so long.

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WHICH?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

As oft I sit in the twilight half dreaming,
Watching the embers still dimly gleaming,
Old faces and forms, long departed, arise,

Those companions of each youthful carnival—
One, to my hopes made a welcome espousal;
Friend, passing the love of a woman was thine.

Shadowy visitants, trooping in nightly,
One face among them is youthful and sprightly,
That one comes soonest and lingers the last.

Love of my youth, among women the fairest,
Still wearing a smile of tenderness rarest,
O'er the dear face, half divine as of yore,

With half closed eyelids I gaze on thee, fearing
Even to breathe, lest thy form disappearing,
Should leave me in darkness, cold and alone.

Sudden the down dropping ashes and embers
Banish my guests, and this sad heart remembers
That they are gone, the hearts true and loving.

That which I see betwixt sleep and waking
Is it a flight that bold fancy is taking;
Say, is it a vision, or love's a dream?

GURTHIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Miss Gurthie and I were tying up some trailing vines in the garden, when I saw Burt Winstanley sauntering up the path. Gurthie saw him too, and a beautiful flush passed over her pale, sickly face, making her really pretty for the moment.

I wanted to get away before he came; for I hated him—this Burt Winstanley, with his handsome, evil face—and I tried to think of some excuse. Just then Gurthie asked me for the scissors, and I remembered leaving them in the kitchen.

"They are in the house," I answered; "I will go and get them."

I was standing on a tall stool, that had been brought out to enable me to reach to the top of the morning-glory pyramid, and as I made an agile spring to the ground, the stool slipped, and I should have fallen and perhaps injured myself severely, had not Burt Winstanley sprang forward and caught me in his arms.

I felt his clasp tighten almost fiercely, and his hot breath was on my cheek.

My face was flaming when I loosed myself from his hold.

"Careless little girl," he said, as he let me go, and stood me upon my feet. "Careless little girl—you will break your neck one of these days, if I am not by to prevent."

"Then we shall both die of broken necks," I retorted, "though I may not aspire to the elevated position to which you are destined to end your career: but misery loves company, and I should think you would like to have me die of a like complaint."

I did not wait to hear his reply, but bounded away, catching only the gleam of his bold, black eyes, as he sent one glance after me.

I went into the kitchen, but I did not look for the scissors. I knew Gurthie would not care to have me return. She cared for nothing, so long as Burt Winstanley was near.

And as for me, I was glad to be out of the man's presence—and quite willing to leave them alone.

I curled myself up in the rocker, and laid my head on the window-sill, and looked at the blue skies, dreamily; and wondered if Harry would be down that day.

Harry—Harry Ellis, in full—was my lover; he was a stalwart young farmer, living some five miles from the De Wolfs, where I made my home, and it was more than a week since I had seen him.

You see I was—I scarcely know what to call my position in the De Wolf family! Not upper servant, hardly that, but still something approaching it.

I had been nurse to the younger children, and companion to Miss Gurthie, and chamber-maid, and cook, and filled a dozen other positions in the house at different times. And I sat at the table with them, save when there was company from town, or something of that kind, and was treated like one of the family by them all.

But though *with* them, I was not *of* them; and I knew my place, and was content to keep it.

When I was just three months old, I was left an orphan, and had been adopted by Mrs. Hunter—the cook at the De Wolfs. She was a cousin to my father; and having just lost her own babe, she took me in its place. Before I was six years old, both she and her husband died, and I was again left an orphan; and so I grew up in the De Wolf mansion.

Being much in the society of Miss Gurthie, who was but a year or two my senior, I had learned the manners and language of refined people, and Miss Gurthie had herself instructed me in the common branches. Sometimes visitors mistook me for Gurthie's elder sister—she was so puny and sickly, that I looked the older—and strangers were always asking questions about me. But I was not elated with it all, but quite content with being Meg Hunter, Harry Ellis's sweetheart.

As I sat with my head in the sunshine, thinking about him, I suddenly felt two warm hands placed either side of my face, and Burt Winstanley leaned in through the window, so close, that his shoulder pressed against mine.

I tried to draw back, but he slipped his arm down, and held me fast. "No," he said, his bold eyes burning down upon me, "you cannot get away. I have you fast, for a moment, just as I would like to have you forever. Do you know you are perfectly beautiful, to-day, Meg?" I was blazing with wrath, and struggled to free myself. He tangled softly, drawing his arm closer about me.

"Perfectly beautiful!" he repeated, "and you set me nearly crazy. If I had a fortune, my girl, I would make you my wife in less than a year, as it is, I can't; but there is one thing I can do," and as he spoke, he suddenly leaned his face down, and kissed me full on the lips. I drew back, burning with indignation, and lifting my hand, gave him a stinging blow on the cheek.

His wicked eyes flashed fire a moment, and then he laughed again, softly.

"The little one is spunky," he said, "and I like that. In fact, she suits me in all respects. But Miss Gurthie will wonder why I do not not return. She expressed a wish for the scissors, and I volunteered to get them for her, thinking I might catch another glimpse of my gypsy queen. I have had not only a glimpse, but a kiss from her lips—the reddest lips in the world, too. Now Miss Meg, will you hand me the scissors, and let me go, or shall I stay?"

I reached for the scissors, and handed them to him. "Take them," I said, "and go. But if you ever dare, Burt Winstanley to insult me so again, I will tell two people of it; two people who had better not know it for your sake, for one would revenge me by cheating you out of the fortune you are so sure of, and the other by applying a horsewhip to your dastardly shoulders."

He smiled aggravatingly. "I have no fears of the former catastrophe," he said, "and as to the latter—why my peerless Meg, it would be the red-faced young rustic and not Burt Winstanley, who would find himself horsewhipped. No no, dear, don't try to frighten me." And throwing a kiss he disappeared around the corner of the house.

I was fairly choking with hot anger.

Red-faced young rustic, indeed! and he, Burt Winstanley was not worthy to black Harry Ellis's shoes!—better a face reddened by sun and wind, that one bleached by midnight orgies.

I went into the parlor a few moments later and from the window I saw Gurthie cutting some dead leaves and branches from a rose tree, and Burt leaning over her. He was playing his part well, and really seemed a very devoted lover, and Gurthie's face was enlivened with that unusual bright glow that made her really pretty.

Ah me! how she loved him! with all the ardor of a stronger nature, with all the romance of a first affection, she loved, nay, she worshipped, this dark-faced young fortune-hunter. Knowing that she loved him so, and knowing how frail and delicate was her organization, I dared not tell her what I knew of the man.

She had been a sickly child all her life, and her parents had never crossed her in anything, or denied her slightest wish.

In this matter, as in all others, she was to have her own way, though her father would have chosen a different suitor for his daughter.

Young Winstanley lingered an hour or two, and then went on his way. As he went out at the gate, Mr. De Wolf came in, accompanied by a gentleman of dignified bearing and fine appearance. He was a wealthy banker, and bore an excellent reputation among his fellow men. This was the suitor whom Mr. De Wolf would have gladly seen his daughter's husband. Gurthie and I were in the conservatory, and after leaving Mr. Talbot to be entertained by his wife, Mr. De Wolf joined us.

"Arthur is here, Gurthie," he said, "and I would like you to treat him as cordially as you can. He is a noble fellow, and I wish you looked upon him with more favor. He is far superior to that young Winstanley."

"Father!" interrupted Gurthie in the petulant, annoyed tone that he knew so well.

"Yes, yes, Gurthie," he continued soothingly, "I know you think differently, and you are to have your own way of course. I know nothing against young Winstanley, only I do not fancy his style, and I know nothing good of him. But of course if he loves you and you love him, I shall offer no objection. Still I would like to see you bestow your heart and hand upon Arthur Talbot, for he is one of nature's own noblemen. Come into the parlor as soon as you can."

Mr. De Wolf went out and left us, and after a moment Gurthie followed him.

"That odious man," she said as she went out; "how I wish it was you, Meg, he came to see. I suppose I must go in and treat him well to please papa, but it is such a bore. How strange that papa should like him better than he does Burt!"

Father and daughter both spoke their minds freely to me or before me. I was never sent out of the room when either had anything to communicate.

Harry came down that evening, and sitting together on the rocker, with the moonlight falling around us in a shower through the open window, we planned our future, and I set our wedding day for the following autumn.

"The last week in October," I said, in answer to his pleadings, "not before. I think quite likely Miss Gurthie will be married about that time, and I have been with her so long I do not like to leave much before she does."

"It's young Winstanley, I suppose," Harry said, and then added suddenly: "Do you know, Meg, I hate that fellow?"

"Why, what makes you?" I asked in surprise, for I had never told him a word of Burt's persecutions.

"I don't know," Harry said; "but I never see his insolent face without feeling a desire to slap it. The fellow arouses my combativeness with the very glance of his wicked black eyes. I am sorry Miss Gurthie is going to throw herself away. Do you suppose he cares for her really? She is not the style of girl that I should expect Winstanley to fancy."

"Nor does he," I answered. "It is her money he fancies, and in order to get that he is willing to take the girl. But Miss Gurthie fairly worships him, and I believe it would kill her to give him up."

Mr. De Wolf came home from town a few days later and asked me a strange question. "What would you do, Meg, if you had a fortune of your own?"

We were at the supper table when he asked the question, and Gurthie and I both looked up in amaze.

"Why, let me think!" I answered, laughing, and then added, blushing, for I did not need to think, "I would buy the model farm that is for sale in Ashfield, and Harry and I would move on to it next October, and we would have any number of horses and cattle and sheep."

They all knew I was engaged to Harry, and I made no secret of it.

"Are you very sure that is what you would do?"

"Very sure, indeed," I answered. "But what made you ask such a question?"

"Oh, I was thinking about girls, to-day, how little they understood the value of property, and it occurred to me that you would be an exception to the general rule. So I thought I would ask you the question, and if you answered that you would buy forty silk dresses, I should know you were like all the rest. But I am glad to find you have more sensible ideas of life."

I took the explanation in good faith, and forgot all about it.

Two weeks later I was down in the garden, weeding a little patch of moss roses, when I heard the hum of voices, and looking up saw Miss Gurthie and Burt Winstanley in another portion of the garden.

I could not hear what they said, but that they were talking of me I felt positive. Both faces were turned toward me, and Burt's was bent a little forward, as if listening intently, and there was the same look on his face that I had seen so many times when he met me anywhere alone—the look that made me hate him. They moved on out of sight, and left me wondering if Gurthie had told him of my engagement to Harry.

I felt sure that she had, and that was what brought the wicked look in his eyes.

I finished weeding the bed, and went down to the spring after a pail of water. But when I reached the spring I forgot all about the errand I came on, and hanging my pail on the limb of a tree, I climbed the ledge, and finding a comfortable seat upon a mossy rock, began to make wreaths out of the leaves and flowers that grew in profusion about me.

I had just finished a long garland that went twice around my waist, over my shoulder and around my head, and was fastening it on, when I heard quick steps behind me, and Burt Winstanley swung himself to my side by the aid of a hanging tree. I started to rise, but his firm hand held me down.

"No, my beauty, you cannot go yet," he answered, very quietly. "I have been trying all the the morning to catch you alone, and when Gurthie was called into the house, a moment since, by her mother, I made haste to follow you."

"And I don't thank you for it," I cried, struggling vainly to free myself from his hold, "for I *hate you*, Burt Winstanley."

"And I *love you*, Meg," he answered, in a quick voice. "I love you, and there's no use struggling against it; and I have come down here to ask you to marry me, Meg—to be my wife."

"Rascal!" I hissed, my face flaming with anger, and vain endeavors to get away from him. He held me like a vice. His arm slipped about my waist, and he drew me against his breast, and kissed me on my lips and cheeks.

"I love you—I love you!" he cried, "my beautiful gypsy bride! I love you; and I would murder any man who tried to take you from me. Come, little one, don't struggle so, but name the day when you will be my wife!"

I lay passive in his arms for a moment, and then concentrating all my strength in one quick movement, wrenched myself free from him, and stood before him with blazing eyes.

"Dastard! coward!" I cried. "I would rather fall dead at your feet than ever become your wife. I hate you, I loathe you, Burt Winstanley, and I feel polluted with your kisses. I could trample you in the dust with a vengeance, if I only had the strength. Go, sir, and never dare speak to me again! Your wife, indeed! I am to be the wife of a man so much above you that he must lean down to see you groveling in the dust at his feet, sallow-faced loafer that you are!"

I turned to leave him, just as he sprang to detain me, when we both stood rooted in our tracks. For there by the spring just below us stood Gurthie, looking up at us with the face of a corpse.

"Gurthie!" I cried in affright, springing down to her side. "How came you here—how much have you heard?"

I was wild with fear, she looked so strange and white, and I scarcely knew what I was saying.

"I came after the water," she said in a strange voice, "and I have heard all. Come, Meg, we must go."

I walked at her side, carrying the pail of water. Not a word was said by either of us. What could we say?

In the hall we met Mr. De Wolf. Gurthie put her hand on his arm.

"Father," she said, not looking at him, but off and beyond him, "father, I told you last night to say *no* to Mr. Talbot's suit. I have changed my mind—you may tell him *yes*, and I will marry him whenever you and he wish."

The look of pleasure on Mr. Talbot's face changed to one of concern, as he looked at Gurthie.

"Gurthie, my child, what has happened?" he cried. "You are white as death, and your lips are blue."

"I am quite well; nothing ails me," Gurthie answered, as she passed on to her room.

Mr. De Wolf stopped me as I was about to pass on.

"What is it, Meg?" he asked. "Has she quarrelled with young Winstanley, or what is the trouble?"

I knew it was right that I should tell him the truth, and I did. Just how Burt Winstanley had persecuted me for months, and of his words to me that day.

Mr. De Wolf's eyes flashed, and he clenched his hands.

"The miserable, low, dastardly villain!" he cried. "So it was Gurthie's money that he was after, was it? Well I am glad her eyes are opened at last. It will be hard for her at first, but with such a man as Arthur Talbot, she cannot fail of being happy."

Burt Winstanley presented himself at the De Wolf mansion a few days later, and was met by Gurthie's father.

"I come to explain," he said. "Your daughter overheard my jesting, bantering remarks to Miss Hunter, and seemed to think they were spoken in earnest. I want to see her, and make all plain."

"My daughter does not wish to see you," Mr. De Wolf responded. "She is at this moment entertaining her betrothed husband, Mr. Talbot. She and her money are entirely lost to you, Mr. Winstanley," and he shut the door in his face. He did not come near the house again. But one evening in September, as I was returning from the post-office, I came face to face with him in the road. I was going to pass him without a word, but he planted himself full in my path, and said, in a low, hissing voice:

"You may toss your head at me, my pretty Meg! and scorn me as you will. But you cannot forget me; for I will give you cause to remember me to your dying day." Then he stepped aside, and allowed me to pass on.

Miss Gurthie and I were to be married the same day. Mr. De Wolf and Gurthie would have it so. It did not seem fitting to me, but Gurthie said she was to have a very quiet wedding, at home, with no display, and at last I consented. She insisted upon my having a finer outfit, too, than I thought necessary, but I did not repent it, when I looked in my mirror, the day of the wedding.

Gurthie was dressed in pure white, with not even a green leaf, or a bit of color anywhere to relieve the dead pallor. There were some white wax flowers on her pale yellow hair, and I could not help thinking that she looked more as if dressed for the grave than for the bridal.

My dress was a shining silver poplin, trimmed with white, and white flowers and green leaves were in my hair.

Gurthie was married first, and after the solemn words were said, that made her the wife of Arthur Talbot, Harry and I stood up. It was a warm, mellow day, and the doors and windows were all open. Just as the last words of the marriage service had been spoken, a shadow darkened one of the windows, and the sharp report of a pistol sent the blood from every cheek. "Jove!" cried Harry "that ball grazed my sleeve; see!" but as he spoke, there was a scream from Mrs. De Wolf, and we all turned to see Gurthie fall limp and white in her husband's arms—limp and white and dead. The ball that had grazed Harry's sleeve, had entered her breast, killing her almost instantly.

Harry made a dash toward the door, and ere two moments had passed, we heard him shouting "help, help, come quick." Mr. De Wolf and one of the servants both rushed out, and found him grappling with Burt Winstanley. "He was hiding in the ash house, hoping to escape before detected," explained Harry as they bound the murderer, hand and foot.

"Curse you, curse you!" he hissed, his dark face almost purple with passion. "The ball was meant for you—I aimed it at your heart; I did not mean to kill her; I would have left her in peace. It was *you* I aimed at, curse you."

His oaths and carriage filled the air, and Harry stopped his mouth with a gag, while a servant was dispatched for an officer of justice to come and remove him.

That night he slept—if sleep he could—in the cell of a jail.

And in the De Wolf mansion all was sorrow and mourning. The pale young bride—now the bride of two grooms, was laid out in her snowy array for the burial.

After she had been hidden from our sight, in the grave, and the stricken young widower had left us to find forgetfulness in travel, Mr. De Wolf handed me a folded paper, saying, "Here, my child, is the deed of the model farm, with all its machinery and buildings and stock." And before I could speak, he went on—"A brother to your mother, who has always lived in squalid poverty died a year ago, and after his death it was ascertained that he had amassed a fine fortune, which he guarded like a miser. You are the only heir living, and of course it all falls to you. I had intended to keep it a secret from you, and surprise you pleasantly, immediately after your marriage. But the awful tragedy of that day, completely drove it from my mind."

I was as happy as I could be, after what had happened. After Burt Winstanley was sent to prison, it occurred to me what Gurthie had been telling him that day in the garden. It was of the fortune that had fallen to me, and that explained his sudden proposal of marriage. He is serving out his life term in prison, while Harry and I are prospering upon our model farm.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Poor Daisy!

That declaration of love from the lips of Abel Stoke grievously wounded her spirit.

Perhaps, if the man had quietly reminded her that they had been known to each other from childhood, and though separated by social distinctions, they had been reared together, that they had often—very often—in a sense been companions together, and that day by day he had looked upon her beauty as a pleasant sight—a creation to be admired, then loved, then worshipped; and that, ultimately, having outgrown his control, he had been forced impulsively, by its overwhelming nature, to reveal to her the absorbing passion she had inspired, she would not have been offended—certainly not hurt, wounded, or humiliated.

No woman with any brains or heart feels offended with a man, however humble he may be, who has been love-smitten by her charms. She may pity the "poor fellow," but she does not scorn nor disdain him, nor feel angered—provided he stops there.

The beautiful duchess who was pleased with the request of a dustman to be permitted to light his "bacca pipe at her beautiful lips" was only animated by a womanly feeling. It had been another thing if the dustman had tendered her his hand in wedlock.

If Abel Stoke had merely "told his love" simply, as a thing which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and he despaired because he knew that to expect a responsive feeling was utterly hopeless, Daisy would have been sorry—very sorry. But when he advised her that she was low-born and he was a gentleman's son, and magnanimously offered her a share of money, houses, and lands which were all to be found in moonshine only, if anywhere, it was a sad blow to her.

Modern philosophers tell us there are no innate feelings. At least Daisy had a conviction—it was immaterial to her whence it originated—that she had been gently born, and that, though mystery surrounded her birth, she did not count hedgers and ditchers among her immediate ancestors.

Without the slightest attempt at logical reasoning, she, therefore, felt impulsively that Abel Stoke had not been merely offensive in his behavior in his offer, and the terms in which he made it, but that he had unquestionably forced upon her an outrageous indignity.

After she had in some degree recovered from the shock it had given her, she perceived more clearly than she had ever yet done the equivocal position she held beneath the roof of Mark Jarrett, and she resolved to end it.

It was not enough that she had the protection and aid of her strong-armed, brave-hearted maid, Meggy, but she needed a companion whose countenance and whose constant association with her would ensure her immunity from insult.

She thought, of course, instantly, of the offer that had been made to her from Mrs. Rokeby, through Wilfred—dear, dear Wil—and she promptly determined to avail herself of it.

She attired herself with rapidity, but not without the valuable aid of the toilet-glass, so that her personal exterior should not display bad taste or negligence, and excite adverse criticism when she presented herself before Mrs. Rokeby.

She would have been ready enough to believe, if she had thought of it, that that lady would place to her credit all the mental distress she was suffering; but with her sex's instinctive perception, she saw the necessity of not appearing before Wil's mother as "a perfect fright."

So, when she had completed her attire, and quietly quitted her room, glided down stairs noiselessly, and without troubling any one let herself out at the open door—for the hall porter was absent, having stolen round to the side entrance, on the flimsy pretence of informing a pretty young still-room maid, going into the house that way, that two Sundays never came together in the middle of a week—she looked as lovely, far more lovely, than she could have even wished herself to look.

But when well on her way to the Rokeby mansion, which she had determined to find out, thinking of Wil more than of Mrs. Rokeby—Wil far away, ill, perhaps at the point of death—Wil, who she was sure really loved her—she suddenly conceived an idea that it would scarcely be discreet for her to ask for a countenance and protection which might be misapprehended as a ruse to throw herself in Wil's path, with a view to years of married bliss, he being unquestionably a gentleman born, and she—

She felt her blood freeze in her veins as this disquieting thought passed through her mind, and she instantly paused in her flight.

Almost as quickly she decided not to proceed to Mrs. Rokeby. Yet, to whom could she go? The Hon. Miss Lois Gray recurred promptly enough.

"Light, frivolous, and unpleasantly reckless of opinion as she is, she will at least be some protection until I can decide what direction my path shall take," she thought.

And as the thought passed so did a cab. She engaged it, and proceeded direct to the residence of the dashing, flighty young lady whom she had thus remembered.

The Hon. Miss Lois Gray was at home. Daisy would not permit herself to be announced, but barred direct to the *bijou* handsome of the "most fashionable young lady of the day," and tapping gently at the door, she responded to the leaped *entrée* by presenting herself to the unmistakably astonished vision of Miss Lois Gray, who was reclining on an easy chair, sipping from a gilded glass of small dimensions a fragrant scented liqueur, not more than twice as strong as brandy. It was to restore her "protoplasm" that her physician ordered it, and she took it with unfailing regularity matutionally, as said "protoplasm" demanded daily restoration.

Daisy being quite unacquainted with these morning "refreshers," and not heeding whether the beverage she was drinking was tea or *absinthe*, advanced to her with a little more than her usual impressiveness, expecting to be received with the accustomed gushing enthusiasm. To her unqualified amazement, Miss Lois Gray, on beholding her, raised her glass to her eye, and regarded her with the air of one who was almost confounded at the intrusion of an utter stranger.

It suddenly flashed through Daisy's mind that Miss Lois Gray had abruptly ceased visiting her—that she had not seen her nor heard from her in the interval.

She recoiled before the "vacant stare" directed at her, and all the eloquent blood in her veins rushed into her cheeks and forehead, and she said, a little faintly—

"Lois—Lo—Miss—Miss Gray."

"A—a—yaas," drawled "the most fashionable lady of the day," continuing her stare as if Daisy were a young lady's-maid, "some after the place."

Daisy froze—yet burnt more at this, and drew herself up to her full height. In a tone which in its turn was frigid and supercilious, she responded—

"It is inconceivable to me that Miss Lois Gray can have utterly forgotten her 'Diamond Daisy.'"

"The most fashionable young lady of the day" shifted her position, but continued her direct stare.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, slowly. "Ah, Miss Myth—a—Mark Jarrett's Daisy—a—well?"

Daisy stood transfixed for a moment with bewilderment. What did this behavior mean? The person before her had been all playful lovingness, garrulous gushingness, pawing and kissingness, if one may dare to coin such a word. Had arm-round-the-waisted her, had patted her, petted her, deared, and loved, and sweeted her, and now to receive her in such a fashion! What solution could there be for it?

Daisy looked steadfastly and firmly at her, and answered her suggested interrogatory in a haughty voice.

"I am quite unused to arrogance or insolence, but when either or both are thrust upon me, I know how to regard the impertinence, and respond to it."

She turned her back at once "on the most fashionable young lady of the day," and moved towards the door.

Miss Lois Gray, however, arrested her departure for a moment, by calling out—

"Miss Myth—a—one word, if you please."

Daisy turned, and saw that the face of Miss Lois Gray had reddened, even above the suspicion of paint on her cheeks, but her glass was still to her eye, although she had half risen from her chair.

"Let me say," she exclaimed, in slightly more excited tones, "I, too, know how to treat insolence—a vulgar insolence—a—and assumption—a—yes—*assumption*. Know also that I am quite unaccustomed to receive the cut direct—*quite*; but when I do, I respond thus."

She shook sharply a silver bell which stood upon the table holding her "refresher," and instantly from a door behind her a smart young maid appeared, as if, like a domestic fairy on the stage, she had come up a trap.

Miss Lois Gray pointed to Daisy, and in a cold, cutting, scornful tone, exclaimed—

"Show that young person out."

The maid, who was rather superior to her class, looked at the "young person" with unfeigned surprise. It was not alone that Daisy possessed such remarkable personal attractions, but her attire and her carriage so decisively denoted the gentlewoman that the girl at once felt her mistress had disgraced herself by a wanton insult. She, therefore, stood for a moment irresolute.

Miss Lois Gray knitted her brows as she observed this, repeated her instructions in an imperious tone, and the girl, with evident reluctance and timid respect, advanced a step or two towards Daisy, who, however, with a firm and graceful dignity, waved her back.

"I will go alone," she said, with a lofty mien, which, though not cruel, appeared by no means unnatural to her, and the waiting-maid instinctively fell back deferentially.

Then Daisy turned to "the most fashionable young lady of the day," and said, with spirit and decision, but yet quietly—

"For your words and your unwomanly—I need not say unladylike—conduct to me I am at a loss to account. I consider them so unworthy that I shall not make inquiry into the meaning of the change—and such a change—as you have exhibited. You will solicit my pardon, or we shall never speak again—probably not even then."

As she concluded she turned slowly round and quitted the room, without betraying the extreme pain she felt at the unexpected treatment she had received.

She hardly knew how she got out of the house, or, in her distraction, what streets she wandered through, and it was not until the necessity of deciding what was next to be done had forced itself into her mind that she discovered she had been threading a number of streets, not only unknown to her, but which she could not have described if she had been asked.

The urgency of forming a purpose promptly was thrust upon her, as it were, by the attention she excited—a fact disclosed by the impertinence of some men, of a class too numerous, who seem to think that a pretty face, instead of commanding their respect as well as admiration, is a signboard indicating where the cruellest insults may be offered.

Daisy, however, had had her experience of this sort of unmanly puppyism, and treated it with quiet, scornful indifference, as if perfectly unconscious of the existence of the blackguard who tried to stare her into a passion of tears.

But at the earliest opportunity she sought again the friendly aid of a cab, having resumed her original intention of visiting Mrs. Rokeby.

"Did not he—and how beautiful he looked as he spoke—declare that his mother was willing to offer me a life for a life?" she thought, with a rosy glow creeping up to her cheek. "Did he not, with earnestness and evident truthfulness—and he is, I am sure, truth itself—does he not look it in every feature?—assure me that she entreated me to accept her as a guardian and guide, and make her home mine? Did she not offer, through him—darling Wil—to shield me, and fence me from the world's dangers? Do I not need her counsel and help, at least now? After all, it is only an affectation of sentiment to refrain from seeking her because he at present shares her roof, for who—who in the world—can I turn to for protection in the wretched position in which I am placed? Who?—who?"

She compressed her hands, and some hot tears forced their way into her eyes. She, however, hastily removed them, and went on with her self-communing—

"Besides, Mrs. Rokeby," she reflected, "will never dream that he would fall in love with me. He, such a fine, handsome, noble, darling, darling fellow, who is worthy to be married to a princess. I am sure I should be very happy if he were to be—very happy—that is, proud—very proud—not quite happy—no, of course not. I should be inconceivably wretched because Providence had not made me a princess—that princess. But I would pray for his happiness—yes, I would pray constantly for his happiness, as I pray now that he may survive the danger which he has incurred to save the life of another."

Ah, that thought gave her a twinge, and her sweet, small upper lip pouted. She slightly shook her shoulders, as she murmured—

"I do not believe what Mark Jarrett said of him. I am sure he is not variable—and—and the young lady may not be so very, *very* beautiful after all."

She raised her eyes; but though there was a pane of glass before her she only saw the cabman's back, and not her own sweet face.

"I am sure" she went on, heaving a very deep sigh, "that he loves me; and though he *rescued* a beautiful young lady from death, he is—not—compelled—to fall violently—and foolishly—in love with her. Perhaps I shall see who she is. It cannot be impossible to obtain a peep at her. I can ride fifty miles without being knocked up, as Mark says, and I would not mind a 'knocking up' if I could see whether she is *so* pretty. I will, too."

And here she was interrupted by the cabman stopping his horse, and conferring with a languid policeman, who was engaged in making up his mind that a tolerably large piece of 'roly-poly' jam pudding, presented to him by a friendly feminine hand from an area, was lying heavy on his "stummick," and making him feel that it "was a-swellin' like a bal-loon."

The result of this conference being communicated to Daisy, she alighted from the vehicle, and discharged the cabman, for the Rokeby mansion was within view.

She had heard her maid Meggy, in one of her fits of loquacity, describe the Rokeby mansion as it had been represented by "little bit Tib," and she had listened as one interested in anything relating to or connected with Wil Rokeby. She thus became almost unconsciously acquainted with its locality, and had consequently no difficulty in making her way to it.

She found to her dismay that Mrs. Rokeby was from home, and it was not known when she would return. It instantly flashed across her mind where Mrs. Rokeby had betaken herself, and she felt vexed with herself for not having conjectured this. She turned to quit the house with a feeling of dejection, for it seemed that fate itself was against her.

At this moment an individual who was unknown to her, but who had a kind of official appearance, advanced hurriedly to her, and arrested her departure.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a tone between respect and patronage "I am speaking to a lady, whom, down at the Priors—Fairholme Priors—we know as the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook—I beg pardon, Mark Jarrett's Daisy—I beg pardon, it was the country ale—a—idiom—but I think I am right."

Daisy bent her head slightly in assent.

"You wish to see Mrs. Rokeby? She is from home in attendance on her son, who is ill from an accident—not in danger—getting rapidly well."

Daisy felt a wondrous load taken off her mind.

"But Miss Gabrielle Luttrell is within. She would be awfully angry if you were to leave without being received by her. You saved Mrs. Rokeby's life, you know, miss, and we are all very grateful to you for it. Besides—— Here, Streak."

He summoned a footman, and whispered in his ear—

"Run to Miss Gabrielle's boudoir. Tell her Mark Jarrett's Daisy is here to see Mrs. Rokeby, but would be glad to speak with her, as mistress is from home. Away with you! Say she is in the azure room."

The footman sprang up the stairs, and the man turned to Daisy, saying, with a respectful inclination of his frame—

"Please to follow me, miss."

"But—" objected Daisy, much embarrassed.

"I am Mr. Rokeby's house-steward—Dean," interposed that gentleman, in his turn. "I am sure, if you do not have an interview with Miss Gabrielle, it will occasion much unpleasantness."

So saying, he led the way up the principal staircase, and Daisy, although in opposition to an involuntary feeling against the proceeding, somehow felt herself constrained to follow him.

In Dean's mind there had entered an idea. It was Mark Jarrett who had sent Gabrielle to Mr. Rokeby; but who was Mark Jarrett's Daisy? Not his daughter—Joyce Stoke had told him that. Might she not be the true Gabrielle Luttrell? It was not impossible—not even, as affairs stood, improbable. At least, he would give Mr. Rokeby the chance of making the discovery, and if she should turn out to be the real Simon Pure, of rewarding him into the bargain—rewarding him in any event.

He ushered Daisy into a small, most elegantly furnished room, and then vanished. The prevailing hue in this small chamber was a delicate pale blue. It overlooked spacious and tastefully-laid out terraced gardens, and in all its appointments was perfectly unique.

Daisy had barely time to glance at the objects when the rustling of silk announced to her that she was not alone.

She turned from gazing at the flowers beneath her, to behold a young, elegant lady, clothed in deep mourning, and looking as white as if she were formed of spotless alabaster.

It was Gabrielle Luttrell.

She stood like a statue, too, except that her pale blue eyes wandered rapidly over Daisy's lineaments, then over her habiliments, which were quite as elegant and as costly as her own, and then they returned to her face, on which they fastened.

Daisy's eyes were not idle either. She had heard so much of the Silver Blonde of Fairholme, not to feel an intense curiosity concerning her, and she scanned her features closely as one of her sex would do, not omitting to perceive a fault there was to be detected.

She felt a curious cold thrill pass over her frame as she looked upon this proud, scornful, cold creature, but she said to herself—

"She is not so beautiful as I expected to find her. I do not wonder that Wil does not love her."

At the same time Gabrielle also said to herself—

"More lovely than I could have conceived—more, far more, like a gentlewoman than I dreamed. Nothing in the least horsey or bold. Blue blood in her veins, I will swear. That hound said I was brought from Mark Jarrett's Grange by an old man named Martin Stoke. Who is this girl? I must know that. I will be so civil to her until I have extracted all there is to learn, and then—ah! She marry Wil. Never!"

A frown had been on her brow, and her lips were compressed when she entered; but she smoothed away one and forced a smile on the other, and imparting into her manner as much friendliness and kindness as she was capable of doing, she exclaimed, in her silvery notes, which seemed to be frosted in the process of articulation—

"I am so delighted to have the privilege of receiving you, my dear miss—I fear I must not be so familiar as to call you—a—Daisy."

"If you will be so good, that is my name," replied Daisy, in notes which thrilled her, they were so sweet, and so unlike her own—thrilled her with a sensation of spite and malice, and she repeated to herself—

"Merry Wil—never. He would loathe my memory."

But she said aloud—

"Every member of the family is under the deepest obligation to you for your wonderful daring feat of equestrianism in saving the life of Mrs. Rokeby."

"Unless you desire to drive me from you, Miss Luttrell," interposed Daisy, pleadingly, "you will make no reference to that event. Indeed, I cannot bear it."

"Noble self-abnegation," ejaculated Gabrille, as if charmed beyond measure. "But as I should die with vexation and mortification if you were to depart before we have had some pleasant, intimate conversation, as if we were quite old friends, I will keep my lips hermetically sealed on that topic. But—but—"

She looked round the apartment and affected to shiver, and said—

"This room looks really cheerless and forbidding."

"I thought it charming," ventured Daisy.

"In its way it is very well," pursued Gabrielle, raising her shoulders slightly; "but I want to make you feel at home, as dear aunt would if she were here."

It cost her a tremendous effort, but she stretched forth her cold, ruby fingers, and took hold of Daisy's gloved hand, and proceeded—

"My own suite of rooms are cosy and comfortable, and they are not invadable. Accompany me to them, my s—very—dear—s—Daisy. What a sweet name it is. My own little cage is quite a perfection in its way—a perfect nest, I can assure you. There we will sit and talk, and talk, and talk. How we will talk."

Daisy, however, thought of the honorable Miss Lois Gray, and traced some sort of resemblance between Gabrielle and her, and drew back. She did not quite relish this candied sweetness enclosed in ice, and she felt very much disposed to decline the proffered invitation to "an intimate conversation as if they were old friends."

Gabrielle, however, would not hear an objection, and much as the effort cost her, she drew the arm of Daisy within her own, and carried her off to her "nest" in apparent triumph.

At the same time Dean had rushed off to confer with Mr. Rokeby respecting the very remarkable visit of Mark Jarrett's Daisy to his mansion, but he was unable to find him.

As, however, he had access to his private study he entered it; but although he did not meet Mr. Rokeby there, he discovered something he had not expected to find.

Upon a writing-desk lay a letter, addressed to Mr. Rokeby. The caligraphy was infamous, and the orthography atrocious. It, in fact, was an example of post-office skill in deciphering an apparently undecipherable direction.

However, Dean knew the "style" at a glance, and his heart leaped into his mouth. He might have had a more pleasant morsel there, and by the spasmodic action of his glottis it seemed as if he was of that opinion, and tried to force it back to its normal position. He gazed anxiously about him, and suspending his breath, listened intently. Not a sound caught his ear, and he suddenly whipped up the letter and thrust it into his pocket.

"It is from that hypocritical humbug and thief, Titus Vink," he mumbled to himself.

"I can swear to his beastly pothooks and hangers. It contains something worth knowing I am certain, and I'll make myself master of the contents."

Without another word he stole from the room, and made his way to his own, and when there, by the aid of the steam of boiling water, he moistened the gum lips of the envelope, successfully parted them, and drew out the enclosure. He raced his eyes over its contents, which ran thus:—

"Nobble and cannard orty Mister Roakbee and Sir. Godd noose. ive ad a windfall—a amans peece of luck: wot doo you Amagen, ive spotted the hartfull theefe of the amament deedes and paypers orso will. Nothink vensherr nothing wynn ive vensherred a dele an orfmostt sakkcrafized My life, but i aff got me hi on Sarpent and he carnt move without T. V. He arsks a thowsing pownds down befour he parts with a skrap outt send a undered pounds to T. V. too bate him with first. Dosnt loose a minnit i shall be quit a manick till u send our kum, adres Number ateene baggonnidge wells rode; t rth belle. If u cums urself pleese ask four ebbeneezur smith. Our if u rite poot T. V. kare of &c."

Dean read and re-read the letter a dozen times, and mused over it for some time after it.

"This sneaking, infernal thief has been the prig after all," he eventually murmured. "He has got the papers and the will, and a fine sum he will make of it if I do not bowl him over. But bowl him over I will, or I'll know why."

He restored the letter to the library table, but mixed it up with some loose papers, so that it was not likely to be discovered for some days, and then supplying himself with a revolver, he at once quitted the house on his way to number "ateene" Bagnigge-wells-road, quite forgetting that he had left to the tender charity of Gabrielle Luttrell, Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION AS IF THEY WERE OLD FRIENDS.

Daisy found the "cage" of Gabrielle to be in all respects a gilded one. As a nest, the downiest of the downy.

All that a luxurious, almost a luscious, sense of enjoyment could hunger for, or merely like to have, was there. The apartment was decidedly large for a "snuggery," but then it was nearly filled with chairs, couches, lounges, ottomans, tables of many sizes, various shapes, and materials; ornaments innumerable, pictures and mirrors and glasses, round, oval, and square; so that, turn which way she might, Daisy found her face reflected, her form and attire as well, that if a curl or an article of dress were disarranged by accident it could instantly be discovered and corrected. A delicate combination of sweet odors pervaded the room—a peculiar tender fragrance, which seemed to create a feeling of delicious languor—and Daisy discovered herself half lazily reclining upon a lounge, with bonnet and mantle removed, as if Gabrielle was really an old friend, with whom she had come to spend some hours.

Gabrielle had with her own hands aided—nay had absolutely deprived her of her charming little hat, and that garment of silk and lace which was neither shawl, scarf, nor jacket, but partook of the properties of them all.

And when she had done this her eager, searching, hungry eyes examined closely, sharply and critically every article of attire, every line of the graceful figure displayed by a faultlessly fitting dress, and every lineament in the countenance by far too lovely to delight her.

"Where have I seen her face before? Where have I met with it?" she thought, with a thrill which momentarily gave a faint blue tinge to her complexion. "In a picture—in a dream? I know it—I—must have seen it! Yet not so young,—not quite so like seraphs. Great heaven!"

She placed her hand upon her heart, as if a sudden spasm had caused it to cease to beat. She became for the instant so livid and so faint, that she looked as though about to expire.

Daisy caught a glimpse of her deadly pallor and the hasty movement with which she placed her hand upon her heart, and starting to her feet, she hurried to her, and placing her hand gently upon her arm, exclaimed:—

"You are ill, Miss Luttrell, I fear. Shall I ring for assistance?"

Gabrielle contracted her brows, and flung Daisy's hand from her rudely and violently, as if contaminated by her touch.

"No," she ejaculated, with an effort. "I am not ill. I require no aid. I shall be myself in a second or two."

Daisy recoiled with wonder, offended by her abruptness, for her manner was haughty, imperious and humiliating. She turned proudly away instinctively, regretting that she had permitted herself to be prevailed upon to enter the chamber, or hold converse with this cold, supercilious, grand young lady, and determined to take her departure at once.

Gabrielle's quick eyes, however, observed a sudden flush on Daisy's cheeks and brow, and promptly guessed that her haughty petulance had brought it there, and would drive her guest from her, unless she instantly changed her manner. She, therefore, again took up her enforced sweetness, and with a faint smile said, quite fluty in her tone—

"Be charitable and considerate, dear Daisy, and bear with me. I am rather subject to a short, sharp spasm of the heart, and when the attack is on I scarcely know what I am doing. Pardon me if I seemed petulant."

"I sympathize with you much" returned Daisy, also altering her mien from indignation to compassion. "You appear to have had an acute attack."

Gabrielle bent her head in acquiesence She had an acute attack, for she had discovered Daisy's resemblance to Mrs. Rokeby.

Not as a mere resemblance, but with a conviction that there was consanguinity between them.

With a numbness of nerve, a freezing of the blood, she communed mentally, as she again perused with intensely critical examination every feature in Daisy's face.

"It is even so," she thought, with the desperate pang which such a settled persuasion as she now entertained would give her. "She is the Luttrell whose part I have been playing. I am the changeling Waldron declared me to be. I am an impostor here. She—if she knew—if she only knew—she could thrust me hence by the shoulders, an outcast and a beggar."

How fiercely she hated Daisy as this thought raced through her mind. How deadly were the suggestions it brought up into her brain.

"If I had not so firmly hooked Marston, what a fate mine would be!" she reflected, with a sick feeling. "But shall this pretty doll have it all her own way? No! Shall she triumph over me anon as Mistress Wilfred Rokeby, who went to her marriage with Wil in almost regal procession, while I sneaked to mine in ignominious, clandestine secrecy? No! I hate her—I loathe her! What do we to insects which crawl in our paths, defiling them? Crush them! I will crush her in the estimation of Wil, so that he will recoil with horror from her. I know him. I know how to do this—and I will. Marston must wait, for trample her into the dust I will, if I bring upon myself utter destruction.

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and moved to a mirror at the end of the room. There she examined her usually coldly-serene countenance, and shivered inwardly—not perceptibly—at the lines she saw there.

But as one recovering from a swoon, she composed her features, arranged her shining hair, and her sombre, yet profusely trimmed attire, as a bird would plume its feathers. It gave her time to think, and by the time she returned to Daisy she had in embryo a plan which had, as its leading feature, a determination that though she had lost all expectation or intention of having Wilfred Rokeby as a husband, she would render a marriage between him and Daisy impossible.

So, with gentle force, and what were intended to be sweet smiles, she made Daisy resume her seat, drew her own chair close to her, and attempted to enact the *role* of Miss Lois Gray, without having the necessary qualifications for the part.

Gifted with sagacity and shrewdness, she quickly perceived that the sweetly ingenious face of Daisy began to assume a questioning, doubting expression, and she gradually fell back into her more natural character, as one being most truthful would incline Daisy to place more faith in her.

She skilfully and artfully, with seeming earnestness, reverted to Daisy's skill as a horsewoman, expressed anxiety to know how she acquired her proficiency, and what could have given her so much fearlessness in such a dangerous and desperate pastime.

Daisy did not approve of the channel into which Gabrielle forced the conversation, or the covert sneers with which she alluded to an excellence which must make jockeys and grooms pale with envy when they heard it, and she gradually grew silent and reserved, and watched for a fitting opportunity to take flight, when Gabrielle, suddenly raising her pale blue eyes, fastened them on hers, and said, scoffingly—

"Pray, Miss Jarrett, what could your mamma be thinking of to let you scour the country, leaping five barred gates, and jumping dreadful ditches, in company with a swarm of roystering, hallooing, screeching, country squires and boors?"

Daisy, startled by this more direct attack, lowered her eyes, and her brows contracted.

"I have never had the advantage of a mother's loving care, and my name is—not Jarrett," she said, rather frigidly.

"Heavens! you are not Daisy the Foundling, as well as the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook?" exclaimed Gabrielle, with a hard laugh.

Daisy rose up, and with a firm dignity, responded—

"Is it your design to insult me, Miss Luttrell?"

Gabrielle sprang up too, and forced her back into her chair.

"Not for the world—not for ten thousand worlds," she exclaimed, with affected earnestness; but thought "not until the right moment comes, and then I will make you writhe with torture at the lashing of my words."

She went on, however, to say aloud—

"Pray do not take into your little head foolish notions. I see you are, like myself, sensitive on the point of birth. I, too, am an orphan—that is, I suppose you are one—and some mystery attends my infant days. By the way," she added, as if struck with a sudden thought, although it had been in her mind ever since Daisy had been in her presence, "you—that is, I mean, Mr. Mark Jarrett, has on his establishment an old servant, named—named—dear me, that I should forget the 'old person's name.'"

"Martin Stoke," suggested Daisy, knowing no other "old person" on Mark Jarrett's establishment.

"Yes; that is the name—Martin Stoke," responded Gabrielle, with affected promptitude. "This man, who must be an extremely old person now, was, I have heard, a favored servant of my grandfather, the Earl of Templecombe. Is it not so?"

"I have heard that he was," returned Daisy, regarding her with surprise when she mentioned the lately deceased earl as her grandfather.

"Are you not sure?" she asked, quickly, for she believed, if any one could know this to a certainty, Daisy must.

"I have heard it frequently mentioned at the Grange that he was groom and personal attendant to Guy Luttrell, rather than to the dead earl."

"Oh, you are aware of the earl's death," interrupted Gabrielle, hastily.

"I was present at his funeral," returned Daisy.

"You!" ejaculated Gabrielle, with unfeigned wonder. "You! Why did *you* attend?"

"Mark Jarret wished me to accompany him thither, and I went, as a matter of course," replied Daisy, with a reserve which she did not purpose communicating.

"Ah!" murmured Gabrielle, musingly, not quite satisfied with the answer. "And this old person—Martin Stoke—was also there, I presume?"

"No!" rejoined Daisy, calmly.

"No! That is odd, too!" she responded, with some surprise, and speaking as if communing with herself. "He could not have failed to have had a strong interest in that mournful ceremony, although you are in error in saying that he was attached to the service of Guy Luttrell. It must have been Gray Luttrell whom he served; because—because—I believe that it was owing to his faithful care that I was rescued from a position of an embarrassing kind—I do not exactly know what—and was placed in the charge of my aunt, Mrs. Rokeby."

A throng of strange, wild thoughts rushed instantly, at this remark, through Daisy's mind. She remembered Abel Stoke's strange story, and with an emotion which almost overpowered her, she rose up and laid her hand impulsively on the arm of Gabrielle, while she looked with a quick, wondering, searching gaze in her cold, rigid, white face.

"You!" she exclaimed with elevated brows; "you, Miss Luttrell! Was it Martin Stoke who brought you to Mrs. Rokeby as her niece? Is this possible? can it really be true?

Gabrielle was amazed by the sudden and remarkable excitement she betrayed, and she felt another most unpleasant qualm. What new revelation, to tear her already frayed pride to shreds, was about to be made to her?

"I have been given to understand on—what I may assume to be good—almost unquestionable—authority that such was the fact," she responded, in a hesitating tone. "I should not, indeed, have disclosed this to you, but—that I—imagine you have known Martin Stoke all your life—and—I thought it quite possible you might be in a position to rather confirm this story than not."

Confirm it? Why, the story told by Abel Stoke to her did confirm it; not only confirmed it, but would go to prove that the imperious cold, unlovable girl before her was her *sister!* What was very much worse, if it were so, was that instead of being a daughter to Gray Luttrell, she was, after all, only the daughter of a common hedger and ditcher.

Daisy glanced round at the magnificently appointed apartment. She ran her eyes again over Gabrielle, took in at a look her proud, elegant carriage, her high-born appearance, and a feeling of faintness seized her.

She turned away; but Gabrielle, who had been scanning her features with burning, questioning eyes, caught her tightly by the wrist.

"You have lived all your life at Mark Jarrett's Grange—with Mark Jarrett and this old wretch, Martin Stoke?" she exclaimed, in a fierce undertone. "You are acquainted, I see, with the circumstance I have referred to. There is a secret attached to it, is there not? Speak! You must know how important it is to me that I should hear all there is to be told about myself."

"There is a secret," responded Daisy, averting her face from hers. "It is a terrible secret—one it will be well not for you to know."

"But I must—I will know it," she exclaimed between her compressed lips.

"Not from me," replied Daisy, firmly.

She could not bear the thought of lowering this haughty girl's pride to the dust. No one but Martin Stoke and herself, probably, knew her secret history, and she had discovered it by accident. She would see Martin Stoke, tell him the tale Abel had told her, and entreat him, whatever he might determine in respect to her, never to reveal to mortal Gabrielle's secret. She was in a high position, appeared to be destined to retain it if the horrid secret was not disclosed, and Daisy was pained and shocked at the bare notion of her being hurled an outcast from her elevated condition.

Gabrielle, however, urged her passionately to communicate it, declared herself to be proof against all pain, all horror, all apprehension; but Daisy remained immoveable.

"It might make you unhappy," she responded to all her pleadings. "It cannot do aught but harm. Unrevealed you can still enjoy all the pleasures and charms of the society in which you move, still fulfil all the plans and intentions already arranged for your future life."

"Even to become Mistress Wilfred Rokeby," she exclaimed, looking direct and almost malignantly into Daisy's eyes.

Daisy started, but without replying, she again averted her face.

"Would the secret, if known, become a positive bar to my marriage with Wil?" pursued Gabrielle, speaking with slow and deliberate emphasis.

"It would," returned Daisy, frankly, but firmly.

"Then why not tell it to me?" she urged, with curious irony. "There are some, I know, who hunger after Wil's hand. The possession of this secret would throw the field open to them all. Even you might venture. Wil is easily captivated by good looks; and attractions cunningly played off upon him might successfully inveigle him into a marriage, even though it might prove a *mesalliance*."

Daisy reddened, and her spirit rebelled.

"If she prove to be my sister, I will not own her," she thought, drawing a deep breath. "Yet I will not betray her."

She did not, however, kind and sweet-natured as she was, intend that Gabrielle should have the whole of the skirmish to herself. She therefore said, quietly—

"You are betrothed, I believe, to Mr. Wilfred Rokeby?"

"I am," replied Gabrielle, in a tone which seemed to imply that in saying this she answered and crushed the pretentions of all others of her sex to his alliance.

"You are, therefore, painfully apprehensive of losing him forever," pursued Daisy, in the same even, steady voice.

Gabrielle waved her hand impetuously; but Daisy went on—

"I am not so cruel as to place you in any such position, and pray let me counsel you not to pursue this painful inquiry any deeper than you have already. It is enough that one should bear the suffering, and notwithstanding your covert sneer at the humbleness of my station, be assured that I will not disclose a word that might be used to effect a change in yours."

There were many hidden daggers in these remarks, which Daisy used almost unconsciously. Gabrielle felt them acutely, and also that she had been unworthily employing poisoned weapons herself. Nevertheless, she did not shift her ground, save that with a palpable affectation of suave kindness she prevented Daisy from leaving her.

"We cannot close our conference so," she exclaimed, with a strange steel-like look in her eyes. "We may not meet again, and I am rather anxious that we should have a full and complete understanding before we separate forever."

"It is perfectly needless," interposed Daisy, fairly aroused, and assuming in her turn a haughty dignity, which rather surprised Gabrielle and looking under the influence of her indignation supremely beautiful, which occasioned the cold blonde more mortification than admiration. "I did not visit this house in the expectation or anticipation of seeing you. I had never seen you, had scarcely heard of you—"

"Save that I was betrothed to my Cousin Wil," interrupted Gabrielle, with a curling lip.

"To Wilfred Rokeby," rejoined Daisy, with a very peculiar emphasis, which seemed to strike a blow at the use of the word cousin. "I desired only to see Mrs. Rokeby, and should have departed hence without even asking for you, and when I was informed of her absence, but for the interference—"

"Of Dean. I know," interrupted Gabrielle, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height, and changing her manner in a remarkable degree.

She had failed to extort Daisy's secret from her. She had proved her less docile than she at first thought she promised to be. She was too much like Mrs. Rokeby, had too strong signs of being the real cousin who was wanted to occupy the place she now filled, to permit her to visit there again until after she had herself fled from it, and, therefore, having as it were, sole possession of the field, she determined to pour forth all her venom, and so to confound, wound, insult Daisy, that she would never approach the mansion again, at least so long as she remained there.

"You found Mrs. Rokeby absent," she continued, in a tone which she intended to be one of scathing sarcasm; "but you thought her son, whom you knew to be betrothed to me, would be here, and you hoped to enjoy the delightful pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with him."

"I knew him to be absent, suffering from an act of bravery, far away from this," interrupted Daisy, almost angrily.

Gabrielle waved her hand with an insulting gesture.

"I do not believe it," she rejoined, with a curling lip. "Then piece of information has been given to you since you came. You came hither on the shuffling, sneaking pretence to see Mrs. Rokeby, whom by a mere accident you prevented from breaking her neck—an event she richly deserved for her unwomanly folly—but with the design of throwing yourself in the way of Mr. Wilfred Rokeby, whom, I repeat, you knew to be betrothed to me. Want, did you think that you were an angler enough to hook him? Did you think, because you have been the horsiest of horsy girls, galloping and jumping about the country like a stable-cleaner, that he would have ever made you his wife? Ha! ha! You—you Mark Jarrett's Daisy—a by-word of slang in the mouths of hunting brutes—an opprobrious appellation in the mouths of the sex you disgrace! You wed Wilfred Rokeby! He might, for a week or so, have been caught by your 'sweet features,' and he would for a time have toyed with you, sported with you, played with you, and then he would have tossed you off, spurning you with his foot, as he has others, infinitely your superiors."

She paused for an instant to take breath; but her light, pale blue eyes glittered and sparkled, and her white lips were tightly compressed with inward emotions of malice and passion, showing that she had not yet uttered all that her hatred and spite suggested.

Daisy's face was colorless, but her demeanor was calm and impassible. She gazed steadfastly in Gabrielle's face while she grated her derogatory observations between her teeth, and neither shrank nor winced at one word she uttered.

"Were you other than you are—Mark Jarrett's Daisy—the shameless girl jockey of Hazelbrook—had you a tinge or speck of a claim to an alliance with the house of Rokeby—I would yield to you the object of your yearning without a sigh. Nay, as it is, I will have none of him, for Wilfred Rokeby is an unprincipled libertine, who has already made your name a scoff, a scorn, a gibe. Now go; you have already sullied my apartment too long with your presence, and I shudder to think that even the imperious necessity of seeking information urged me to bring you to it."

"One word before we part," observed Daisy, in a clear voice, though there was a faint tremble in it. "You have presumed on an accident, or upon a successful opportunity, the result of a deep-laid design. You have used unreserved, scornful, humiliating terms to me, with the object of inducing me to suppose you to be in birth and station as elevated as you appear. In this you have made a great mistake. I pity your arrogance and your untruthfulness. I estimate it at its worth—as you will after Martin Stoke has had an interview with Mr. Rokeby, and has revealed to him that years back he stole two infant children from the cottage of a hedger and ditcher—two female children born of the humble people beneath whose roof he found them. He took one, and with a lie in his mouth—but with some occult design too—placed it in the charge of Mr. Rokeby as the daughter of Gray Luttrell. You are that child. The other—"

She turned away so oppressed with the emotion, the reflection, which this statement having reference to herself forced upon her that she was unable to finish her sentence.

But Gabrielle, stunned by what she now heard, gasped—

"What of the other? Speak, woman—girl—devil!"

With an effort, Daisy faced her and said, sharply—

"The other he bore to Mark Jarrett's Grange."

"I thought so," ejaculated Gabrielle, and fell back in a chair.

Daisy cast one look, embodying a dozen different feelings, at her, and then hurried from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A good lady who improved every opportunity to teach by precept and example, once remarked at a prayer-meeting: "My friends, as I came along I saw a cow switching her tail. In this wicked world of strife she was peaceful and contented, a-switching of her tail: and I said to myself, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

☞ Several of the boats on the Erie canal are owned and run by women.

☞ A citizen of Hartford, Connecticut is the proud possessor of an umbrella which has been in the family for seventy years. The top is of silk, which the owner takes pleasure in assuring his friends originally formed a portion of the dress of one of his female ancestors, who came over in the Mayflower.

☞ The editor of a Wisconsin paper is under arrest for non-payment of a $300 judgment in a libel suit. The sheriff allows him bounds of one mile from the jail, so that he only goes to the jail to get his meals, and that at the expense of the plaintiff. Another paper remarks: "Jo rather seems to like his situation, and gives the sheriff a puff for the quality of the fare at his table."

☞ An Amherst professor woke up his congregation pretty effectually last Sabbath, by calling out in the midst of his sermon, "Wake up that young man." One-half the students at once woke up the other half. There was no more sleep for the poor fellows that day, and probably will not be when that professor occupies the pulpit.

☞ The King of Dahomey is reported to have changed the fashion of his wearing apparel. He received the Italian scientific commission not long ago, seated on his throne, his body profusely decorated with the blue, gold, and green labels which had been carefully peeled from the medicine bottles brought by Europeans to his country. If his Majesty had any enterprising and business blood in him, he would charge for the exhibition of the labels as advertisements, and let out the space on his body for bill-posting.

☞ "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" asked a medical professor of his class. "Because, replied one of the students, "inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and the blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Fudge!" said another: "it's simply because the rope isn't long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

The New Master at Digby.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

"So, Digby has changed hands," said my Aunt Grace, when she had removed her black straw bonnet from her dear head still crowned with a wonderful suit of hair that it pained us to see turning so gray, and had placed it (the bonnet of course) upon the farther side of the snowy covering of my mother's low French bed, to keep it out of reach of the *smaller* children; while she took the rocking-chair in the centre of our delighted circle.

"So, Digby has changed hands?"

"It has changed *heads* very decidedly," said my usually gentle little sister Lute, in an emphatic tone. "We have no end to the new thoughts and hustling enterprise set afloat by that Dr. Alexis Errol. And, unless a fitting response is made by the inhabitants of Pophamville, I am not so sure but that the hands will be changed too. He insists that the rents must all be paid in by New Year's day; and papa, like the rest of Pophamville is in a pets of trouble. I am sorry Colonel Cushing has left. He was a gentleman. But as for this Dr. Errol I despise him already. As if he *couldn't* understand that poor people are almost starving from the failure of crops, on account of the long drought last summer, and that they can hardly rake and scrape enough money to buy bread, much less to pay him for the land that cost them—I don't know what in the labor they employed, and brought them in nothing. So much ill luck to the majority from the fortunate few who are born with silver spoons in their mouths; you can't make them believe that the 'common herd' are glad to get pewter, and often do without any."

"Have you ever seen Dr. Errol?" asked Aunt Grace, looking up at her in some surprise. For Lute was the beauty of the family, petted and spoiled to an inordinate degree; and was not supposed to know anything about business matters at all, or to perplex her little head about domestic affairs, as I, who had been consoled with the title of "clever woman of the family," was expected to do.

"As often as I wish to see him, I think," replied Lute. "He rode down the street here, and Charlie and I were standing at the gate. Charlie took off his hat, with his best bow and smile; but the lordly patrician seemed to be staring at some spectre ahead, and passed it in general commanding, without returning the salute."

"Perhaps he did not see Charles," amiably suggested my aunt.

"Oh, but he should have seen!" said Lute, not a whit appeased. "What right has he, though he were a thousand times the owner of Digby, to pass within a few feet of my brother, yet ignore his presence in that way? Charlie is a good deal larger, and certainly as good looking as he is."

"And Miss Lute Vernor is a good deal better looking than either," said I, laughing, as I stood behind her, and patted her golden curled head with my hand. "Perhaps that is where the wound hurts most."

"For shame, May," she answered, half reproachfully, lifting her large blue eyes to mine. "You know how obstinately he insists the money is to be got from somewhere—I dare say he had as soon we should steal it as not from any third party; and you see how miserable papa is in consequence. It is but a month to Christmas, and, of course we will have to move from Pophamville."

"Perhaps you are hasty in your judgment, Lute," continued Aunt Grace, mildly. "Your father acknowledges that the tenants were shamefully remiss in their settlements while Col. Cushing had charge. John will have to explain to Dr. Errol the several misfortunes to which you all have been subjected during the past year; and I am quite sure if he be a true son of Loyall Errol—long dead and gone—he will listen to reason."

"And he will show himself to be the degenerate son of a worthy sire," persisted Lute, who, for the nonce, was quite monopolizing the conversation. "It is said he has squandered immense treasures of money during his protracted travels in the East. And, now, I suppose he has come back here to extort it out of his poor tenants; but there is one doleful sort of consolation to me in it all, he can't squeeze blood out of a turnip."

There was a general laugh in spite of our low spirits, and the conversation turned to other topics until my father and Charlie came in, then the old subject of the new master was brought up, discussed again, and dropped. But, though we talked of other matters, I am sure this one theme was seldom absent from our thoughts.

All Pophamville had been sad—they did not know with how much reason—when Colonel Cushing announced his intention of leaving. But, once gone, the fickleness of human nature had manifested itself without delay. "Le roi est mort; vive le roi." All Pophamville had picked up, brisk as a bee, at the coming of the new lord. A new broom will sweep clean, is a homely adage, and the denizens began to contrast the easy, good-natured inertitude of Colonel Cushing with the bustling activity of the present possessor, and as is usual, the former suffered by the process. All Pophamville belonged to the master of Digby. We, that is, John Vernor and family, of which I was a hopeful olive branch, belonged to him, as did some dozen or fifteen other households. By this I mean that we dwelt in houses belonging to him—that we lived by the sweat of our brows, toiling over "crops" cultivated upon soil owned by him, and that he could ship us bag and baggage—the whole settling of us—almost at any moment. Hence, it was natural that we should have felt no small interest in seeing "what he was like," and having seen, that we should be seriously alarmed.

What was Pophamville?

Why a village of course, and it had been quite a brisk one too. It had been so called in honor of a steward of the great grandfather of the present Dr. Errol, a Mr. Popham, who had caused the houses in which we Pophamvillites lived (there were some fifteen main dwellings I believe) to be erected and turned over to lessees, with some sixty acre lots (more or less) attached. My ancestors had been considerable landed proprietors at no great distance. My grandfather had lost his inheritance at a great commercial crisis in the affairs of the country and my father, but newly married at the time, had leased one of the farm cottages at Pophamville, paying his yearly rents squarely to the owner, Loyall Errol, of honored memory. The son, the present Dr. Alexis Errol, had gone abroad some years before his father's death, and it was not believed that they were on the most cordial terms at the time, for the heir had been as spendthrift as the father was frugal and upright. Nevertheless Derby, Pophamville and their perquisites had been left to the son—it being a rule of the family that it should always go to those who could transmit the Errol name, while some handsome but relatively inferior city property had been bestowed upon the daughter, Mrs. Courchill Cushing.

Dr. Errol, remaining still abroad, had empowered Col Cushing to take full charge of the estates, emoluments, &c. until his return, an event of limitless possibilities. Cushing had remained at Derby ten years, a thriftless manager, as was generally conceded, when the return of Dr. Errol was abruptly announced by no less a personage than himself, and the brother-in-law as quickly left for his own city residence. All this had happened but a few weeks previous to the visit of my Aunt Grace, with which this story begins; yet a thousand new-fangled notions, as it seemed to me, of the European system of cultivation, had been suggested by him to his tenants and discussed in my presence, until I had grown sick of speculations about the untold capacities of every acre of good ground, and longed to see the old one horse system back again. But this, as we soon discovered, was not to be. If Dr. Errol's ideas were theoretical they were likewise obstinate, and there was no shadow of turning in the announcement that they were to be tried.

"He has expended a great deal of money, and is pressed in consequence, he says; and we must pay up the rent or give place to those who will," groaned my father, coming in one evening and sinking into a chair. "So we will have to move, heaven only knows where."

"Don't give up, John," said my Aunt Grace, who had now been a week with us. "If it comes to the worst, we may manage to beg or borrow the money, I dare say. But you should explain to Dr. Errol the peculiar strait you are in, and he cannot be so unreasonable as to refuse to listen to you."

"I told him of the exceptional difficulties we had been compelled to meet," replied my father, sternly. "I did not enter into details, because I considered it unnecessary. It will be impossible for us to raise a thousand dollars. And to be discharged as an irresponsible tenant will not be a feather in our cap in the estimation of any other landed agent."

"I hope he may say something that will justify me in giving him a thrashing before we do leave," said Charlie angrily.

"You will be disappointed," replied my father. "He is coldly, dispassionately, but scrupulously polite. He says with truth that he ought not to be expected to sacrifice his own interest to that of people who are and can be nothing to him. His relations to us are simply mechanical. We are an aggregate piece of machinery; and when one part fails to work, he must throw it aside for any improvement that may present itself."

"As selfish a piece of cynicism as we ever hear advanced," put in Lute again. "Oh, he must be a mean man!"

"You have no right to say that, my daughter," urged my father. "He knows nothing about us, and cares nothing; or he may even have been set against us. I saw Dudley Scrope talking in quite a confidential manner with him the other day."

Lute's face flushed at this, and she was silent again in a moment. Dudley Scrope had once been a lover of hers; but on being finally dismissed by her, he seemed to have imbibed the bitterest dislike for the whole family, and was frequently at so little pains to conceal it that Charlie had threatened more than once in sober earnest to "thrash" *him*. And but for his intuitive aversion to anything so vulgar as a brawl, I am sure he would have done so.

Aunt Grace now left us for a few days, and a settled gloom seemed to take possession of my father after her departure. We looked eagerly for her return, in the hope of seeing him aroused again. But on the very evening of her arrival he dropped apparently lifeless from his chair to the floor, and with the first symptoms of returning consciousness fell into violent convulsions. We were all so terrified as to be well-nigh beside ourselves. I did not know until long afterwards how Dr. Errol came to the house. Every one had heard of his great skill as a physician. He had graduated in Paris, had held a position among the Medical Directors in London for several years, and had won other rare distinctions for one so young, his real age being about thirty-five. We knew all this. But I should never have thought of summoning him when we dispatched our maid of-all-work (Charlie was away from home) for the village surgeon, Dr. Smith. Lute was strangely enough the person who did it.

There was but one thought in her mind from the time she saw her father laid, like dead, on his couch; to save *him* at all hazards. We did not miss her from his side; but she had gone up to her room, come down again with something in her hand, and rushed out at the front door. On through the street then she sped for dear life, with the twilight coming on. The miracle was that some of our friends had not seen and stopped her; but they did not. She passed the last house in Pophamville, and took the road to Digby, a mile distant. Lumbering wagons, and obstreperous swearing muleteers went to and fro on the way, but they heeded her not. Perhaps the momentarily increasing darkness favored her. She kept on undisturbed; reached the lodge gate at Digby; crossed the marble-paved yard, and burst, unannounced, into the reading-room of Dr. Errol, facing him, in her wild, disordered beauty, where he sat under a suspended chandelier, with a book open before him—as though she had been some visitant from another world. He stared at her with his fatuouless blue eyes, as though he indeed thought she was. She had on neither hat nor wrapping, and her long, golden hair streamed like the flashes of a brilliant sunset, over the sky blue of her simple muslin dress. Brow, neck, and chin were like sculptured marble; only a bright red spot glowed upon each cheek, telling him of a wild emotion, bordering, perhaps, upon aberration of the mind.

"Here is your money, sir," she said, in clear ringing tones. "Count it out carefully, and write me a receipt. It is *all* there—one thousand dollars. Be quick."

"What is it for? Who are you?" he asked, in wonder. "Poor child, will you tell me where you came from, and who are your friends?"

"We have no friends. It almost seems to me now that Heaven has forsaken us," she murmured, in a half whisper, "I am Louisa Vernor, daughter of that John Vernor from whom you have so cruelly demanded the full sum of his rent by the new year. He did not think the money could be raised: and the fear of being turned out in the world with his large family, has well nigh killed him. He is lying like dead now. Give me that receipt. I will not trust you without it. My Aunt Grace had secretly procured the money, and given it me only to day: that I might surprise him with it, on my birth-day, which is to morrow. But you see it has crushed his poor heart, until he suddenly fell down on the floor among us. You must come with me. They tell me, that though your heart is so hard, God still enables you to do good with your head; that you are skilful in the science of healing. If you can restore him to life, well for you; but if not, the curses of a broken hearted family will pursue you."

"I scarcely understand you fully," he returned, in a voice that was musical with melancholy tenderness. "My business agent, Mr. Scrope, told me that this Mr. Vernor had ten times the amount of ready money at command: but Mr. Dale, a neighbor of yours, was giving me another account to-day: and I had determined to see your father to-morrow. I will restore this money to your aunt: and suffer your father to pay when convenient. I may have been guilty of some harsh acts in my life, Miss Vernor; but never a mean one, I hope. John—" as a serving man answered the bell he had rung, "have the carriage at the door in a moment. This young lady has come for me to see her father, who is very ill." As the man bowed and withdrew, he opened the door of an adjoining laboratory, and returned in a moment—the calm and resolute physi-